

# THE DIAL

A SEMI-MONTHLY JOURNAL OF

Literary Criticism, Discussion, and Information.

EDITED BY FRANCIS F. BROWNE. { Volume XIV.  
No. 166.

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## THE OPENING OF THE GREAT EXHIBITION.

The first day of this month, under conditions of cloudy skies and chilling atmosphere, in the presence of more than a quarter of a million spectators, with simple but effective open air ceremonies, the Columbian Exposition was formally inaugurated. Considering the hurry of the final preparations, the exceptionally adverse weather of the preceding weeks, and the novel problems arising from the presence of so vast a concourse of people, the opening day passed off satisfactorily, and left upon the minds of those sharing in its festivities an impression of wonder at the way in which the initial difficulties of the enterprise had been surmounted, and of respect for the organization of effort that had brought so many people together, made their stay so comfortable, and given them so much to enjoy. It may be truthfully said that the facilities for lodging and transportation were equal to the demand and met the severe tests to which they were subjected. Few days of the coming six months will repeat the strain put by the day of opening upon hotels and carriers, and we may consider the problem of accommodations already solved.

The problems of construction and installation are well on their way towards solution, and no serious complaint can be made of the progress already achieved. None of the great exhibitions of the past was in full working order at the time of opening, and it would have been folly to expect that this, the largest of them all, would fail to offer many unfinished phases. The creation of the Fair meant the conversion into a park of more than a square mile of land, little of which had before been reclaimed from its natural condition of woodland and swamp. It meant, further, the erection upon this land of four hundred buildings, great and small, the greatest of them upon a scale hitherto unattempted in architectural history. It meant, finally, the filling of these buildings with interesting and beautiful objects brought from all parts of the earth. This immense work is not yet done, although more than thirty millions of dollars, exclusive of the cost of exhibits, has already been expended upon it. But every day marks a noticeable advance towards the completion of the work, and the first month of summer will find little or nothing unfinished.

The people who thronged the grounds upon the opening day, however, had abundant demands upon their attention. Those who devoted themselves to the exhibits found a sufficient number of these in readiness to keep them busy in hurrying from place to place. The Art Building alone, although not more than a third of its galleries were ready for

inspection, offered material for many days' study. The Horticultural Building, only a small part of which was thrown open, was besieged by crowds throughout the day. Machinery Hall was naturally a centre of attraction. The exhibits of the United States Government and of the Fisheries were in very satisfactory shape, and had no lack of visitors. But the spectators, as a rule, preferred to remain outdoors, strolling about the grounds, navigating the lagoons in gondolas and electric-launches, watching for glimpses of distinguished visitors, staring at the Koreans with their queer hats or at the Egyptians in their many-colored robes, listening to the music, or, selecting some point of vantage, gazing with rapt admiration at the wonderful vistas which all the arts of form and color had combined to produce.

For the fact cannot be too much insisted upon that here, upon the shores of the great inland sea, the labors of the past three years have converted a barren waste into one of the most beautiful spots of earth. The noble architecture of the buildings, the noble painting and sculpture with which they are adorned, and the noble landscape setting which art no less than nature has provided for them, combine to gratify the æsthetic sense as it has rarely been gratified in the history of the world. Venice itself is hardly more beautiful, and one is reminded of Venice not only by the gondolas that gracefully skim the inland waters, but also by the bridges, the steps leading to the water's edge, and the reflections of the marble palaces. Even the pigeons of St. Mark have their analogue in the flocks of gulls that wheel over the lagoon and dot the surface of their liquid element. Particularly is this resemblance borne in upon the mind of those who approach the Fair from the lake, and for whom the long low line of buildings, gleaming in the sunlight with a thousand opalescent tints, gradually takes on distinctness of form and symmetry of grouping. Many are the points of view, and each has its peculiar charm. Each hour of the day, too, has its charm; the hour of sunrise clothes the scene in one kind of beauty, the hour of noon in another, and the hour of evening twilight in still another. We need not wonder that in the present unfinished condition of the exhibits contained within the buildings, visitors prefer to remain without; in no previous international exhibition have the external features offered such a challenge to admiration, or so successfully rivalled the attractiveness of any possible indoor display of the products of manufacture and of art.

Those who can devote but a brief period to the exhibition will, of course, do well to wait until the coming weeks have given their finishing touches to the work. But no one need fear disappointment even at the present time, for the Fair already offers infinite resources for enjoyment. The Art Building and the Music Hall alone will repay almost any pilgrimage and any stay. In the one, a large proportion of the collections, including the magnificent French galleries, are already open and complete;

in the other, daily morning concerts of classical music, and frequent afternoon concerts in addition, are given by one of the largest and best orchestras in the world, under the unsurpassed leadership of Mr. Theodore Thomas. In fact, those who have for a main object in visiting the Fair the gratification of the æsthetic sense may almost as well come now as at any later date, for the summer months will offer little, excepting warmth and sunlight, that is not already offered those who care more for the beautiful than for the practical.

Two features of the Fair call very distinctly for adverse criticism, but in neither case is the fault distinctly chargeable to the Exposition authorities. As matters now stand, the gates of the Fair will be closed on the one day of the week when it is most desirable that they should be opened. The wanton inhumanity of this rule finds little sympathy among the directors and commissioners, the responsibility resting with Congress, or rather with certain hypercritical members of Congress who, with questionable right, voted for the restriction. Whether, under the circumstances, the Fair authorities would be justified in disregarding the restriction, is a complicated and delicate question. The arguments in favor of such action seem to be at least as good as those advanced upon the other side, and it is quite possible that the question may be ultimately settled in accordance with the plain dictates of justice and humanity. The other feature which calls for emphatic protest is found in the high scale of charges adopted by most of those to whom concessions have been awarded. Here, again, the authorities are but indirectly responsible, only in so far as they have failed by their contracts to protect the public from extortion. The fact remains that most of the services offered by the holders of concessions are charged for at exorbitant rates. This is particularly true of the restaurant service, the guide and chair service, and the service of gondolas and launches upon the lagoons. The charges for admission to many of the "side-shows" are also far in excess of what is reasonable. In these matters, the Exposition authorities should rigidly hold the concessioners to the letter of their contracts, and it is only fair to say that they show a disposition so to do. The hotel and lodging-house keepers of Chicago are, of course, beyond control, and we can only hope that the greed already displayed by most of them will overreach itself in the usual way, of which outcome the signs are promising. Meanwhile, the Fair proper may be both reached and seen at little expense, the admission fee as well as the local transportation charges being entirely reasonable. It was not to be expected that the cost of living in Chicago would remain wholly unchanged by the Fair—the experience of all past Expositions was against any such hope,—but it was and is desirable, in the interests of everybody concerned, that the inevitable increase should be a moderate one. Upon this question the force of public opinion should make itself felt, speedily and with no uncertain emphasis.

## CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

Mr. Gladstone is fond of surprising the public, and his latest effort of the sort is one of his most successful. Of all possible successors to the Laureateship, Mr. Ruskin is the last whose name would have occurred to us. And yet, after the first shock is over, there are reasons to regard the nomination as a fitting one; it would be ideal if—this is, of course, a very big "if"—Mr. Ruskin were only a poet. But that title his warmest admirers would hesitate to accord him, in spite of the two volumes of his boyish verse that have recently been reprinted. Their author himself has never cherished any illusions upon the subject, and the suggestion that he should fill the place left vacant by Lord Tennyson must have been quite as unexpected to him as to the public. The nomination must be judged upon the broad grounds of general fitness; of technical qualification there is simply no question. Looked at from this point of view, no nomination could be more satisfactory. If any man now living is deserving of the highest honors that England has power to bestow, that man is clearly John Ruskin. He represents, as Tennyson did, the conscience of the race in its noblest development, and his work and life embody the sane ethical standards and the wise conservatism that were given such perfect illustration by his predecessor. In the words of his steadfast friend, Professor Norton, "No other master of literature in our time has more earnestly and steadily endeavored to set forth for the help of those whom he addressed whatsoever things are true, honest, just, pure, and lovely; or in his own life has more faithfully tried to practice the virtues which spring from the contemplation of these things and their adoption as the rule of conduct." The laurel, passed from his head to another's, will at least be, as he receives it, and as Tennyson received it,

"greener from the brow  
Of him who uttered nothing base."

That the recipient of this honor should accept it in any active sense is not to be supposed. Mr. Ruskin deliberately abandoned verse for prose as a vehicle of expression at a very early age, and it is not likely that he will return to verse-making, even as the Laureate of England. Indeed, active work of any sort is now hardly to be expected of him, although he has been, of late, measurably restored to health.

Mr. Theodore Thomas, in his capacity as musical director of the Columbian Exposition, has recently been attacked by certain of the Chicago newspapers with a malignity which is fortunately too marked to injure anyone but those responsible for the splenetic outburst. Brutal as the attack has been, it was made still more brutal by being directed in part upon Mr. Paderewski, whose great kindness in delaying his departure for Europe and in volunteering a return to Chicago in order to play at the opening concert of the Fair was deserving of the warmest gratitude. The incredible insults that were instead heaped upon him must make many an outsider wonder if Chicago be a civilized city after all. Of course, no one will believe that Mr. Paderewski was thus attacked merely because he claimed the right to play upon his own piano—a right so clear that it was probably never before called in question with any artist—or that the assailants of Mr. Thomas have no other motive than is based upon his assertion of the equally indisputable right to control his own orchestra. Such attacks as that we are now chronicling are usually

masked beneath a pretext of some degree of plausibility, but in this case the assailants of Mr. Thomas were lacking in the common cunning that contrives some sort of concealment of its real animus. Even the positive lies that have been freely circulated were chosen with childish disregard of the fact that they were easy of refutation. No intelligent person could take seriously the preposterous notion that the instruments used at the concerts should be restricted to those exhibited in their proper place by their manufacturers, or that it was the business of anybody but the musical director to say anything about the instruments to be played upon. Mr. Thomas, being at the same time a leader in his profession and a self-respecting person, could not possibly have submitted to any restriction upon the freedom to produce his effects by his own means, and has very properly preserved a dignified silence under the attacks to which he has been subjected. But it is pitiful to think that such an attack, so obviously instigated by a few manufacturers of musical instruments, should have been made through the medium of any reputable newspaper.

## OF THE JUSTIFICATION OF LEARNING IN A DEMOCRACY.

One of the finer threads through the labyrinth of history directs us to the curious consideration of the estimation in which learning has been held in different ages. Never, perhaps, has learning been purely esteemed; learned men have always had to practice an ambidextrous art, cherishing the pure ends of study in privateness, but devoting their open energies to the satisfaction of the world's paymasters. Spinoza was forced to the drudgery of a handicraft; Kant hardly earned freedom of thought by the drudgery of teaching; while Socrates only escaped the necessity of serving the world by living a life of the simplest wants.

The great flowering time of the Athenian democracy gave magnificent scope to the creative genius of art, although it may be thought that there was overmuch distraction from the still air of delightful studies. Aristotle somewhat later founded the sciences, aided by the endowment of royal patronage. But the thing to note at the one period or the other is that in these earlier days of the emancipated human intellect men on the whole were wise enough to justify learning for the single attempt to satisfy their curiosity about the brave new world and its mysteries, whether considered in its surpassing unity under the form of the Platonic idea or in its endless multitude under the forms of the Aristotelian categories. So also in practice, however restless became the moralistic aestheticians, men were content to let the arts teach them and to delight in them, without much care for their justification on the stock-exchange. After groping blindly in the dark of twenty centuries, we have not been able to hit upon a more perfect ideal than this,—the ideal of a learning devoted to the satisfaction of the rational curiosity of man and the ideal of an art accepted without distrust as a means of



pure pleasure and of humane edification. And the loss of these ideals as thus maintained in the state is not altogether made up to us by the gain in moral and spiritual ideals which the world has made since then. There are so many of us after all who, if we were forced to choose between the Hebrew civilization on one hand, with all its moral might and with all its intellectual and artistic barrenness, and the Greek civilization, with its final blindness to the essential moral law but with its saving temper of intellectual and artistic perfection, on the other hand, would be instantly ready to take the latter at its cost rather than the former. But the choice is not necessary; we are heirs of all the ages, though daily we do ourselves the great wrong of rejecting and of setting up limitations in our ideals.

If learning in Greece enjoyed its best estate, in the Dark Ages certainly it was at its lowest ebb. With the barbarians came the desolation of ideas. Such learning as survived turned to a hubbub of untranslatable polemics. Only those whose pride it is to construe darkness dare grope their way into this hopeless abyss of more than Miltonian chaos. The child of this darkness is the phantasmagoric learning of the Middle Ages,—a riot of the overtaught, untutored mind of man through the world of disembodied ideas. Great ideas indeed were toward in individual minds, and a fermentation of knowledges was beginning. Roger Bacon is of this age. The philosophy of Aquinas, too, evil in method as it was, is nevertheless obscurely great. But organized learning was hopelessly pervert, and from this time we date the odium in which pure scholastic pursuits have ever since been held in the popular subliminal consciousness. The Renaissance, it is true, changed all this. It re-established the arts as well as might be; it saw the re-awakening of the pure intellectual curiosity of man. There are few periods on which the mind dwells more lovingly than on this brimming and beautiful Renaissance-period, those sad, bad, mad, glad days of human springtide. But we have to remember that the Renaissance transmitted to us the lassitude for its excesses and the bitter though wholesome purgation of puritanism. Its work remains incomplete. It shifted to our shoulders the burden of a thousand new and unsolved problems.

Of these problems the problem of Democracy is the greatest and most portentous. Democracy is the dominant force of the day, and like every new historic ideal it exacts in its youth a slavish homage from men. The older ideals yield to it or are cherished in secret only by despairing idealists. So little are the minds of men capable of entertaining more than one great ideal at one time! Generous as is the ideal of Democracy, it has shown itself thus far (in spite of the paradox) a selfish and devouring ideal. The arts no longer aim first of all at excellence in their kind; they have become toys of popular approval. Knowledge and learning are no longer the fruit of disinterested curiosity; we rest content with what we have, and the only function

of learned men is to aid in the extension, the popularization of learning and knowledge. Or at best, the trades of research are justified on the plea of an immediate utility. Even the men of learning, the directors of our great universities, have begun to yield their assent to these ideas. Democracy truly has set the pace. Its ideals have swallowed up all others.

It is time for a reaction against the exclusiveness of the Democratic ideal. Man's spirit should be fed not by one ideal but by many. In the ultimate analysis Democracy too, noble as is its pure ideal, must be regarded not as an end but as a means. Other aims of the human spirit are of equal value and in the end must assert themselves. Manhood, reason, the rights of the individual soul, the instinct for perfection and for distinction,—these are things that are not answerable to Democracy. Learning and art are the servants of these things, and as such they too are not answerable to Democracy. Art as the symbolic representation of life to the delight of the human spirit, and learning as a disinterested attempt to satisfy the pure curiosity of the human spirit, are in the nature of things forever linked with the progress of manhood and reason in all their periods and contribute towards that progress service as important, as genuine, and as admirable as the service that Democracy, with its triune ideal of liberty, equality, and fraternity, contributes. Learning is as much an end in itself as is Democracy, inasmuch as it answers to a genuine and permanent human need; and a civilization which attempts to belittle or degrade any one of the paramount interests of the human spirit,—whether the interest of the moral law in any of its complex manifestations, as love or as public justice and the rights of humanity, or the interest of art, or the interest of the spiritual law and the religious instinct, or the interest of learning and of intellectual curiosity,—a civilization which neglects any one of these interests does so at its peril.

FREDERIC IVES CARPENTER.

## COMMUNICATIONS.

### ANOTHER VERSION OF THE BELGIAN CAMPAIGN.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

We are indebted to Mr. John C. Ropes not only for the most thorough and impartial account of the Waterloo campaign that is accessible to English readers, but for a more rational and satisfactory view of Napoleon's whole career than has heretofore been given to the public. The subject, however, still appears to be inexhaustible. I have read with interest Major Kirkland's article on Mr. Ropes's book in *THE DIAL* for May 1, although I do not entirely agree with his standpoint.

The Waterloo campaign is the most interesting one of modern times, for its problematic character, the fearful loss of life occasioned by it, and a certain dramatic quality, like the fifth act of a tragedy, which reached its climax in the immolation of the Old Guard.



The political importance of the campaign has often been estimated too highly. It was the battle of Leipzig in 1813 that broke the power of Napoleon, and after that he had nothing more than a ghost of a chance so long as Austria, Prussia, and Russia remained united against him. That they would have remained so is proved by the fact that their alliance continued for more than thirty years longer without any other object apparently than to preserve the peace and prevent democratic revolutions. Those who, like Byron, look upon Napoleon as a homicide and butcher of mankind cannot be aware that after his return from Elba he offered the allies peace during his own and his son's lifetime, and that they were at first disposed to accept these terms. Nothing but the terror of Napoleon's genius can excuse the great Powers for declining his proposal; and it seems a shame that the man who proved himself foremost in the art of war should not have been permitted to show what he could also do in the arts of peace. But it is only on grand occasions that history accomplishes the best results; and the lives of fifty thousand men were sacrificed in two days in order to maintain the principle of hereditary right in politics.

No one knew better than Napoleon the desperate errand on which he went. Even if he had succeeded in driving Wellington into the sea and pushing Blücher across the Rhine, there was little chance that he could sustain himself against the forces that would afterward have been brought against him. Only a continuation of miraculous successes could have saved him, and his fate was practically decided before the battle of Waterloo was half finished.

It has been said that his army in this campaign was one of the best he ever commanded; but this is hardly a fair statement. The rank and file of his troops were largely composed of veterans, but his best generals, with the exception of Ney and Soult, were gone. Massina was an invalid, Junot and Lannes were dead, Murat was in Italy, and Victor declined to serve. Mr. Ropes thinks Napoleon made a mistake in stationing Davoust at Paris, but it was essential to have a reliable man in command at the seat of government, and we should be cautious in judging such matters in the light of subsequent events. To have replaced Grouchy with Massina and D'Erlon with Victor might have made a great difference in the result of the campaign. In addition to this, an American student who was residing in Paris during the hundred days, and in his old age wrote an account of it for the "Atlantic Monthly," noticed that the French cavalry were not well mounted. This followed as a matter of course from the immense destruction of horses during the retreat from Moscow, and gave the English cavalry, charging down the slope of Mt. St. Jean, an easy superiority.

The battle of Ligny was a brilliant victory for Napoleon, for it was the only square defeat (if we except Lützen) that Blücher ever sustained. His mistake, if he made one, would seem to have been in attacking the French line too soon, instead of remaining on the defensive until their fury had spent itself. He was likewise unfortunate in receiving an injury from the fall of his horse at the most critical moment of the battle. General Hambly's remark that Napoleon directed his first attack against Blücher because the French were used to beating the Prussians is a clear case of international jealousy. The facts are that the French have never defeated the Prussians except when commanded by Napoleon in person and in Davoust's nominal battle

of Armstadt. The same French army that defeated a superior force of English and Dutch at Fontenoy was afterwards defeated by Frederick the Great with a very much smaller force. Napoleon evidently attacked Blücher because his cantonments were nearer the French line than those of the English, and also because he knew that Blücher was always ready for a fight. One cannot help suspecting that the slowness of Wellington's movements arose from a deliberate purpose to let Blücher receive the first shock of war.

Grouchy appears to have been sent in pursuit of the Prussians because he was in command of Napoleon's right wing. According to Thiers, his appointment was a political one,—the same sort that did so much mischief to the Union cause in our Civil War. He belonged to the old nobility whom Napoleon at this time was desirous to conciliate. His previous record does not indicate that he was a suitable person to send on such a difficult errand. He had only thirty thousand men in his command, a force sufficient to pursue a defeated antagonist of ordinary skill, but not for such a general as Blücher. Grouchy was probably very much afraid of Blücher, and it is no wonder that he did not follow him up with greater alacrity.

Mr. Ropes is to be congratulated on having recognized the true character of the action at Quatre Bras. It was properly a French victory. Napoleon did not expect Marshal Ney to defeat Wellington, but only to hold him in check while he himself should deal with the Prussians. Ney was aware that Wellington's army was twice as large as his own, and could not, of course, anticipate the reinforcements that might be brought against him at any moment. It was even better for him to be finally driven from his ground than to waste the lives of his men in an offensive movement. Tieleman's fight with Grouchy was of the same description.

Wellington's army was by no means equal to Blücher's. He had only about twenty thousand British veterans, and these with fourteen thousand Brunswick Prussians formed his chief support. The rest of his force consisted of Dutch, Belgians, Hanoverians, and English volunteers. How, then, are we to explain the fact that Napoleon defeated Blücher in less than three hours, while he was not able to defeat Wellington in seven? The plainest answer is: Good fortune and the strength of Wellington's position. Blücher was obliged to concentrate on the best ground he could find at Ligny, or retreat. Wellington selected his battlefield at leisure, and Marshal Marmont noticed that he had a rare faculty for choosing strong positions. Napoleon's disadvantage was in this case that he was either obliged to fight Wellington on his own ground or to retreat. The farm of Hougomont and La Haye Saint were like two strong castles in advance of the Duke's army, and the crest of the hill largely protected his second line. It is possible he understood the art of repulsion and attack by column better than Napoleon's other antagonists, but this would not apply to Napoleon's first attack on the left wing of the allied army. Wellington did not anticipate this movement, and had stationed his weakest troops there. According to his biographer, the Belgians and others all ran away, leaving only three thousand English to resist a column of seventeen thousand French. This must be an exaggeration, but it proves what a close shave the case must have been. If Napoleon had advanced his right wing for a determined conflict, it seems as if he must have won the battle.

Marshal Ney is credited with some errors at Wa-

terloo, but we should also consider what might have happened if he had arrived after the battle was finished and Napoleon on the way to Brussels. Major Kirkland thinks that none but Anglo-Saxon troops could have held out as Wellington's force did that day. We might congratulate ourselves on this if a large portion of them had not belonged to other races. The Highlanders who repulsed the Old Guard are supposed to have been the best soldiers in the British army. The Irish also are good fighters. More depends on discipline, and a good general, than on nationality. Napoleon's second at Leipsic was fully equal to Wellington's defence at Waterloo, and his army was composed largely of boys.

FRANK P. STEARNS.

Boston, Mass., May 3, 1893.

#### WANTED—A NEWSPAPER.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

I remember seeing not many years since in a Chicago paper an account of an infanticide headed in staring heavy-face type, "Killed Her Kid." While such an atrocity could not now occur, yet it is generally admitted that even now our newspapers are miserably unreliable, trivial, and vulgar. If the primary function of a newspaper is to accurately record as they occur events of historic significance, first in the city whose name it bears, and secondly in the country and world at large, then is the press of to-day a flat failure. The worst fault, in my opinion, is the gross inaccuracy. Not an event which has come under my personal notice and which I afterward found reported in the papers do I remember as accurately reported, and often there was the merest travesty of reality. Surely there is one kind of composition which cannot be too realistic, and that is the newspaper article. The aim at making news articles lively and entertaining at all costs, often by an absurd showy attempt at literary style, tends towards the utmost looseness as to truth.

While the popular demand is and always will be for the greatest quantity of sensational reading matter for the least money, yet I believe that in Chicago and the tributary Northwest there are thousands of sensible thoughtful men who would welcome a daily devoted to recording progress rather than retrogression, to chronicling the most significant events in the daily development of industrial, commercial, artistic, scientific, social, and political life, rather than in emphasizing casualties, scandals, gossip, and crime. Suppose such a paper started as an eight-page daily. The general proportion for news would be the first three pages to the city and suburbs, then two to the country at large, then one to foreign countries, one to science, art, and literature, and one to religion, charity, education, and miscellaneous. Each department should have its own editorials, and in addition special articles prepared by the most competent hands on questions of the day, after the general style of "The Forum" or "The North American Review." Every article, news or discussion, should be signed. As unimpeachable accuracy is the aim, it might be well to offer large prizes to anyone detecting false statements in its columns.

The expense of conducting such a paper must be met largely by endowment. As a newspaper *de luze* it must charge at least five cents per copy, and it should help itself financially by its advertising space, and by semi-weekly, weekly, and monthly editions. It should seek to make itself indispensable to professional men, to

current topic circles, and to schools. The value of such a paper in raising the tone of the press would be immense, and this alone would justify sinking capital very liberally as in a church or university. No time is more auspicious than the Columbian year for Chicago to show itself in this important matter the most progressive of American cities, and to exhibit, not the biggest newspaper in the world, but the best.

HIRAM M. STANLEY.

Lake Forest University, May 5, 1893.

#### SOME NEW "AMERICAN" WORDS.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

In reading the admirable paper in your issue of April 16, on "The Future of American Speech," I am reminded of several words which are now apparently crystalizing and threaten to become recognized elements of our language (or dialect) perhaps a decade hence.

"Enclosed please find *pomo*," writes a business man, and the reader of his letter learns that "*pomo*" is brief for post-office money-order. A religious paper gives a long account of a *Cail* meeting. Fortunately it explains that "*Cail*" means the Church Association in the Interests of Labor. A learned professor in Church History gives his students some very interesting items regarding the *Angal* Councils. One would look in vain in the index of any Church History published for the word "*Angal*." It was merely intended to aid the student to remember the names of the provincial synods Ancyra, Neo-Cæsarea, Gangra, Aquileia, and Laodicea, whose canons were adopted by a subsequent Decumenical Council. Probably this list could be extended, but enough instances have been given to illustrate a method of coining words that is not likely to improve our language. This class of newly coined words is probably small at present, but who can tell how large it is likely to become within, say, the next ten years, among a people whose tendency it is to reduce the name of a railroad to a series of initials?

A. H. N.

New Orleans, La., May 3, 1893.

#### THE SHELLEY MEMORIAL FUND.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

The American members of the committee to provide the funds for the Shelley Memorial, at Horsham, Sussex, England, acknowledge with thanks the following subscriptions made since the former report:

Charles B. Dunn, Chestnut Hill, Pa. . .	\$25 00
Daniel C. Gilman, Baltimore, Md. . .	5 00
Arthur M. Dodge, New York City . .	10 00
Henry Cabot Lodge, Nahant, Mass. . .	10 00
T. Niles, Boston, Mass. . . . .	25 00
Houghton, Mifflin, & Co., Boston, Mass. . .	50 00
Sarah W. Whitman, Boston, Mass. . .	25 00

Amount previously acknowledged, 204 25

Total . . . . . \$354 25

This amount has been remitted to Jas. Stanley Little, Esq., of Horsham, Hon. Secretary of the Shelley Committee. The American subscription is herewith closed.

T. B. ALDRICH,  
R. W. GILDER,  
E. C. STEDMAN.

New York City, April 28, 1893.

## The New Books.

## THROUGH COLONIAL DOORWAYS.\*

A wholesome revival of interest in Colonial and Revolutionary times, and a manifest desire to learn more, not only of the great historic events of our heroic period, but also of its domestic and social life, renders the dainty volume before us, "Through Colonial Doorways," timely and acceptable. As the author, Anne Hollingsworth Wharton, implies in the opening chapter, the lighter side of Colonial life has been relatively overlooked. We have naturally been so occupied with the sterner virtues of the fathers and mothers of the Republic, with their sacrifices, privations, and love of civic liberty, that we tend, perhaps, to regard them as bloodless types and exemplars of excellence, rather than as men and women to be loved with human affection. The conventional Colonial picture, Mrs. Wharton thinks, needs brightening and humanizing; therefore it is to its lighter phases that she addresses herself. Her little book is not, nor does it assume to be, even an attempt at a comprehensive study of Colonial manners. It is essentially a collection of seven brief essays descriptive of early American social life, based upon and freely interspersed with extracts from private letters and diaries of the period, for the use of which the author expresses indebtedness "to numerous friends." Much of the charm of the volume springs from Mrs. Wharton's unfeigned sympathy with her theme; and it may be added that the hearty "Americanism," the pride in American traditions and American ancestry, that quickens her pages, shows in refreshing contrast to certain simian tendencies in a contrary direction with which our countrymen are sometimes charged. For the class of Americans, therefore, who seek to further their social claims by the rather feeble shift of divesting themselves of their nationality, the book offers food for some not unprofitable reflection. The author has chosen her numerous quotations with an eye to their graphic force and color, and they are aptly strung together on a thread of running comment or narrative sometimes quietly humorous and usually fairly pertinent. Mrs. Wharton's material, "scrappy" as it is and gathered from diverse sources, is naturally rather intractable; and those who have them-

selves undertaken to weld into tolerable continuity a store of not too coherent extracts will pardon an occasional hint of irrelevancy.

The aim of the book is, as already implied, to brighten a rather sombre picture, and to show us the men and women of Colonial times, not posing for the dignity of history, but in their lighter moments, and as Teniers or Anthony Watteau would have painted them. The scraps of familiar gossip and anecdote culled from the yellowed pages of diary and letter often serve better than pages of labored analysis of character to place us *en rapport* with their subjects. The stately Washington, for instance, becomes much more a flesh-and-blood personality, and much less a stony synthesis of abstract virtues, when, in a letter written by Mrs. John M. Bowers, one reads that when the writer was a child six years of age the General dandled her on his knee and sang to her about "the old, old man and the old, old woman who lived in the vinegar-bottle together"; or when General Greene, writing from Middlebrook, says: "We had a little dance at my quarters. His Excellency and Mrs. Greene danced upwards of three hours without once sitting down. Upon the whole we had a pretty little frisk." John Adams, too, who does not seem to have been a favorite with his contemporaries, comes down to us with a great accession of amiability in a sketch of his wife's, where he is shown mildly submitting to be driven about the room with a switch in the hands of an equestrian grandchild; and when Dr. Franklin's daughter, Mrs. Bache, begs her "dear papa" not to reprimand her so severely for desiring a little finery in which to figure at the Ambassador's and when she "goes abroad with the Washingtons," for surely "he would not care to see her dressed with singularity, or in a way that will not do credit to her father and her husband," it is pleasant to fancy the sage relaxing, as it were, into the father and the man. There being many old letters and diaries, yet untouched, brightened with these "trivial fond records," it seems, thinks our author, a task not unworthy of the later historian to gather them together and to present to this generation more characteristic pictures of their ancestors, drawn with a freer hand and touched with the familiar light of every-day discourse. She learns that —

"One young girl of the present time was strongly attracted towards her own great-grandmother by reading a letter written by her to her mother in Newport, asking her to send her from thence a sprigged muslin

\*THROUGH COLONIAL DOORWAYS. By Anne Hollingsworth Wharton. Illustrated. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.



petticoat, and the making of an apron such as all the girls are wearing.' A rather more modest request, this, than that of Miss Eliza Southgate, who begged her mother for five dollars with which to purchase a wig for the next Assembly, because Eleanor Coffin had one, and it was quite impossible 'to dress her hair stylish without it.' Placed thus in touch with her great-grandmother's longings and aspirations, which flowed in the same frivolous channel as her own, this young descendant suddenly realized that they were of one flesh and blood, and gathering and piecing together all that could be learned from older members of the family of this lady of the last century, she has become the heroine of romance so thrilling and so sweet, that the girl of to-day may be said to entertain for her unknown ancestress a more than ordinary affection."

One of Mrs. Wharton's pleasantest chapters treats of "A Bundle of Old Love Letters"; and conspicuous among the missives cited are some quaint specimens from the hand of William Penn, addressed to Hannah Callowhill,—whose family name is made familiar to modern Philadelphians by the street that bears it. It is perhaps a little hard to picture the Proprietary in the rôle of a lover, and "sighing like a furnace" under the shade of his reverend broadbrim. Yet even Quakers are, after all, but men; and our author assures us that among Penn's letters are some that glow "with all the ardor and warmth of youthful affection." This is, perhaps, putting the case a little too strongly. If Mrs. Wharton's extracts are fairly representative, we should say that in Penn's letters the fire of an Abelard is rather unduly quenched by the circumspection of a Barkis. Certainly, the more cantharidian terms are always promptly chilled and abashed, so to speak, by the context,—as in the following tearful effusion. "And now let me tell thee, my Dearest," proceeds Mrs. Callowhill's swain, somewhat in the key of the Burial Service—

"That tho' there are many qualits for which I admire thee, as well as love thee, yet yt of Compassionating the unhappy is none of the least. And whatsoever pittys has love, for it springs out of the same soft ground; and can never fail, as often as there is occasion to try it. That my Dearest H. has been a Mourner, a Sympathizer, an inhabitant of Dust, and so weaned from the common tastes of pleasure, yt gratify other Palats, does so much exalt her character with me, yt if this were all she brought, she must be a treasure to yt happy man yt has a Title to her. And since, by an unusual goodness, she has made it my Lot, it shall be as much my pleasure as she has made it my duty to make her constantly sensible how much I am so of my obligation to her."

In another letter to Hannah we find some allusions to William Penn, Jr., who, it seems, had "just had his hair cut," and whom his father describes as being "lively yet tender." History records that William Junior's "liveliness"

ness" waxed with increasing years, and that in later life he signalized himself and scandalized his friends by the wrenching-off of door-knockers, beating of the watch, and other midnight exploits not at all in keeping with the precepts of George Fox. This letter closes with the inventory of an accompanying hamper, a Barkis-like assault on the citadel of Mrs. Callowhill's affections that must have been followed by a speedy surrender:

"I presume (writes the thoughtful lover) by the next wagon there comes an Hamper directed to thy father, the Contents for thee. Viz. 3 Gallons of light french Brandy, one of wh' pray present to thy Mother. I ordered 2 lbs of Chocolate to keep them company. My Daughter prays thee to accept of 3 small pots of venson, yt she says will keep well and are of her own manufacture, as were all the last. She is concerned her pig brawn was not ready wh' she fancies *would not have been a disagreeable way of eating a pig*, but another season will do. These are little things and yet would express, tho' meanly, Love that is Great."

Certainly, great love was never, at least, more substantially expressed; and the pig himself, modestly conscious of his own merits, might well have elected to stand before his judges in the guise of brawn. There are certain touches of characteristic diplomacy in these love-letters of Penn's. The conciliatory gallon of "french Brandy," for instance, to the mother-in-law *in spe* was a Machiavellian stroke. In a subsequent letter, the lover (having reflected, perhaps, on the rather Homeric contents of his hamper), shows some concern touching the health of his mistress; and he concludes his epistle with an earnest recommendation to "take some pills" that he sends her, with a certain medicinal water to be imbibed "three days before the full and changes of the moon."

A letter-writer of a very different complexion was the Rev. Elias Keach, of whose epistolary ravings our author presents some astonishing specimens. Before the pipings of this vacant shepherd, Sir Piercie Shafton himself "pales his uneffectual fires." Direct expression was apparently an impossibility with Mr. Keach; and one shudders to think of what his parishioners must have endured. In the letter quoted at length by our author, the writer, after apologizing to his sweetheart for "rushing his rude and unpolished lines into her Heroik and most Excelent Presence," plunges into a most distracting sea of euphuism, and emerges (more dead than alive, one fancies), with the following pearl:

"That the Silver Streams of my Dearest Affections and faithfull Love will be willingly received into the Mill Pond of your tender Virgin Heart; by your hall-



ing[?] up the flood gate of your virtuous Love and Affections; which will completely turn the Wheels of your Gracious will and Understanding to receive the golden graines or Effects of my Steadfast love and unerring Affection which will be in Loyall respective and Obliging Service so Long as Life Shall Last and such a thrice Happy Conjunction; may induce many to bring of golden graines of rejoicing to our Mill and River of joy and contentment and we ourselves will sing ye Epithalmy; this is the Earnest (yet Languishing) Desire of his Soul who hath sent his heart with this Letter."

That the dithyrambic Keach received from his flame what the Germans call a basket, is probably the "Earnest (yet Languishing) Desire" of our reader.

Among the later Colonial love-letters cited are those of Abigail Smith (afterwards Mrs. John Adams) whose letters, with their feminine lightness and very easy play of wit and fancy, form a cheerful contrast to the lumbering conceits of Mr. Keach. Abigail was the daughter of the Rev. William Smith of Weymouth, a facetious divine who sometimes carried his humor into the pulpit. It is related that Mr. Smith's aristocratic parishioners objected to John Adams because he was the son of a small farmer, and was, moreover, himself a lawyer,—two facts, they held, which made him ineligible to marry the daughter of a man in whose veins "flowed the bluest of New England blue blood." The pastor thought otherwise; and he accordingly favored his flock with a sermon on the text, "For John came neither eating bread nor drinking wine; and ye say, He hath a devil," the latter clause referring to the groom's profession, then not held in much repute in New England. Abigail's letters are genuine love-letters in their tone of earnest devotion, and one notes therein hints of the stir and excitement of the military doings about Boston, of the scarcity of provisions, etc.,—especially of pins, which seem to have become as rare as diamonds:

"I wish (she writes) I could come and see you. I never suffer myself to think you are about returning soon. Can it, will it be? May I ask—may I wish for it? When once I expect you—But hush! Do you know it is eleven o'clock at night? . . . Pray don't let Bass forget my pins. We shall soon have no coffee, nor sugar, nor pepper here; but whortleberries and milk we are not obliged to commerce for. I saw a letter of yours to Colonel Palmer by General Washington. I hope I have one too. Good-night. With thoughts of thee I close my eyes. Angels guard and protect thee; and may a safe return ere long bless thy Portia."

They were Portias, and Callistas, and Florios in those days—not Johns and Abigails; but the burden of the song was much the same, and one seems to catch something of the heart-

beat of the times in the correspondence of these long-buried lovers. In another letter, written while John Adams was undergoing the un-romantic process of vaccination, "Portia" says:

"By the time you receive this I hope from experience that you will be able to say that the distemper is but a trifle. Think you I would not endure a trifle for the pleasure of seeing you? Yes, were it ten times that trifle, I would. But my own inclinations must not be followed. I hope you smoke your letters well before you deliver them. Mamma is so fearful lest I catch the distemper, that she hardly ever thinks the letters are sufficiently purified. Did you ever rob a bird's nest? Do you remember how the poor birds would fly round and round, fearful to come nigh, yet not knowing how to leave the place? Just so they say I hover round Tom whilst he is smoking my letters."

The occasion was prosaic, but the simile it called forth is a pretty one; and we regret, with our author, that John Adams's answer to these letters were not preserved.

It is a curious literary and historical fact, says Mrs. Wharton, that Benedict Arnold, who was notorious for his extravagance in public and private life, was extremely parsimonious in the matter of love-letters. By the evidence of a recently-discovered letter it is shown that Arnold made the same amatory composition do general duty, using it as a sort of blank form, and testing it upon at least two ladies of his choice,—thus showing that the man who sells his post to his country's foes may well be capable of further degrees of perfidy. The missive in question was first addressed to a Miss A., who seems to have been proof against its rhetoric, and it was afterwards used by the thrifty suitor in offering himself to Miss Peggy Shippen, whom he married in 1779. The letter, as addressed to Miss Shippen, may be found in Arnold's "Life of Benedict Arnold." It is a fair sample of the prevailing florid style of love-letter—rather in the vein of Mr. Keach. "If Miss Shippen had realized," observes Mrs. Wharton, with feminine scorn,— "That her suitor had written to an earlier love that 'her charms had lighted up a flame in his bosom which could never be extinguished, that her heavenly image was too dear to be ever effaced, and that Heaven's blessing should be implored for the idol and *only* wish of his soul,' she might with some reason have hesitated to bestow her hand upon so trite a lover, who could find no fresh adjectives to match her charms."

Mrs. Wharton's paper descriptive of "The Meschianza,"\* a *fête* given to General Sir William Howe by the British officers previous to his departure for England, is graphic and sug-

\* Or, *Mischianza*—from the Italian *mescolare*, to mix, and *mischiare*, to mingle.

gestive. Philadelphia's aristocratic citizens, descended mostly from old English stock, were still loyal, or, at least, neutral, sticking, as Graydon puts it, "to their ease and Madeira"; and we find that while Washington and his half-clad army were shivering upon the bleak hill-sides of Valley Forge, the Quaker city could, upon occasion, doff her sober drab, and mingle in the gayeties of the conqueror. Dancing assemblies, theatricals, etc., marked the advent of the British in Penn's "faire greene country towne," and fitly heralded the full-blown glories of the *fête* that celebrated the departure of that hero of whom the sarcastic Jerseyman wrote:

"Threat'ning to drive us from the hill,  
Sir William marched to attack our men,  
But finding that we all stood still,  
Sir William he — marched back again."

The luckless André was a leading spirit in the Meschianza, and the nature of his duties may be inferred from a letter of his written in 1779 to Miss Peggy Shippen:

"You should know (he writes) the Mesquianza made me a complete milliner. Should you not have received supplies for your fullest equipment from that department, I shall be glad to enter into the whole details of cap-wire, needles, gauze, etc., and to the best of my abilities, render you in these trifles services from which I hope you would infer a zeal to be further employed."

We cannot here enter circumstantially into Mrs. Wharton's spirited account of the Meschianza — the *pièce de résistance* of which was a tourney rivalling in pomp, if not in bruises, the "gentle and joyous" affair at Ashby. For the behoof of the patriotic reader, however, we may add that the general joy of the occasion was somewhat chilled by a brisk attack on the British redoubts made by the Continentals under Captain Allan McLane, who succeeded in firing the abatis at the north of the city, and in giving the garrison a pretty fright. Says our author:

"When the flames reddened the sky the ladies, doubtless, clapped their hands with delight, wondering at the beauty of the illumination, which illusion was encouraged by the officers, and later, when the roll-call was sounded along the lines and the guns of the redoubts fired, the guests were assured that this was all a part of the celebration, and the dancing continued."

There were, of course, many sober and patriotic Friends who looked askance at these untimely frivolities; and when the Americans finally regained possession of Philadelphia an effort was made by the Whigs to exclude from their social gatherings the ladies who had taken part in the Meschianza. A compensatory ball was given at the City Tavern to those "who had manifested their attachment to the cause

of virtue and freedom by sacrificing every convenience to the love of their country." Our author's account of the Meschianza is fitly closed by the following extract from the victorious Anthony Wayne's message to the fickle fair who had graced it with their presence:

"Tell those Philadelphia ladies who attended Howe's assemblies and levees that the heavenly, sweet, pretty red-coats — the accomplished gentlemen of the guards and grenadiers have been humbled on the plains of Monmouth. The Knights of the *Blended Roses* and of the *Burning Mount* (the rival bands at the tourney) have resigned their laurels to Rebel officers, who will lay them at the feet of those virtuous daughters of America who cheerfully gave up ease and affluence in a city, for liberty and peace of mind in a cottage."

Mrs. Wharton's little book is, as we have said, a timely and wholesome one. The increased interest in Colonial and Revolutionary times is a good sign — especially at a period of our national growth when the native patriotism is necessarily somewhat diluted by a dozen or so exotic patriotisms. Such books help to foster a pride in things which should not be allowed to fade from the American memory; and thus, incidentally, tend to counteract a spirit of — shall we say? — "flunkeyism" that often impels the younger nation to play the obsequious ape to the follies of the elder. The publishers have done their part with much taste, and the illustrations are suitable and pretty.

E. G. J.

#### TRIUMPHANT WAGNERISM.\*

Mr. Finck did not need to apologize for writing a new biography of Richard Wagner. No satisfactory treatment of Wagner's life and work has, up to the present time, been printed in the English language, and probably no living English writer was as well qualified as Mr. Finck, both by training and by temperament, to supply the obvious need of such a work. The book by the late Dr. Hueffer is admirable, as is also that by Herr Nohl (translated by Mr. G. P. Upton), but these books are the merest outline sketches. Mr. Praeger's recent work deals very fully with a few periods of Wagner's life, but leaves the others almost blank. Herr Glasenapp's biography, scholarly and dull, has never found a translator. The monumental work of M. Jullien has recently appeared in English, and no student of Wagner can afford to be without it, but the

\* WAGNER AND HIS WORKS: The Story of His Life. With Critical Comments. By Henry T. Finck. In two volumes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

author understood Wagner's character very imperfectly, although he did substantial justice to Wagner's work. One who could write of Wagner the man, "il est dénué de noblesse, et n'échappe à aucune des faiblesses de l'humaine nature," was clearly not the one chosen to interpret to the world the essentially noble and lovable character of his subject. Wagner's correspondence with his dressmaker, his outbursts of petulant anger, his appeals to his friends for financial aid, the harshness of his polemical writings, and his failure to accept with perfect and enduring fortitude the hard conditions of exile—these are weaknesses, no doubt, but they are not the materials upon which to base any fair estimate of his personality. If ever a soul was "perplexed in the extreme" by the struggle with adverse fate it was that of Richard Wagner. Eager to give the world of his best, the world would have none of it; conscious of the greatness of his work, he found it everywhere assailed by ignorance, intrigue, and calumny. We may say of him, as Rossetti of Dante:

"Alas! the Sacred Song whereto  
Both heaven and earth had set their hand  
Not only at Fame's gate did stand  
Knocking to claim the passage through,  
But toiled to ope that heavier door"

which not Florence, but Germany, shut upon him; not, happily, "forevermore," but long enough to steep his soul in bitterness. What exile meant to Wagner is not often realized. Himself a poor performer on the piano, he was for all those years deprived of the pleasure of hearing his own music almost as completely as the similar satisfaction was denied to Beethoven during his closing years of deafness. Over and over again he was tempted to enter Germany incognito that he might hear Liszt conduct "Lohengrin" at Weimar. But the danger that he would have incurred by so doing was a very real one; it must be remembered that Roeckel, his fellow-revolutionist of Dresden, languished in prison for thirteen years as the consequence of his rash patriotism, and towards Wagner the court of Saxony remained implacable, refusing all requests for permission to return. The bitterness of exile to Wagner was far greater than to Hugo, of whom we naturally think in this connection, and it would, perhaps, have been unreasonable to expect from the German the unbending fortitude of the Frenchman. It would be unjust to reproach Wagner too severely because he had no "Ultima Verba" for the oppressor, or because there was a touch of the sycophant in his efforts to

minimize his revolutionary activity and to regain the lost favor of kings. We may say, *en passant*, that Mr. Finck does not give us a very clear idea of this phase of the composer's life. Mr. Praeger is more satisfactory, and his devotion to Wagner is quite as great as that of the present biographer.

Mr. Finck's book has, we regret to say, other and more serious defects than this. It is very unsatisfactory in style, being generally boisterous, often flippant, and sometimes vulgar. It is exceedingly unfortunate that a serious life of Wagner should tell us of "Hülse's heroic efforts to down" Wagnerism, of the "big head" displayed by a certain conductor, or of the "versified rot" of the pre-Wagnerian librettists. Nor do we admire the taste displayed by the author when, after duly castigating one of the anti-Wagnerian critics, he adds: "The moral of this little tale is that an attempt to make out that Wagner was a fool is very apt to take the direction of a boomerang." Instances of this detestable journalistic style frequently disfigure Mr. Finck's pages. The pages are also disfigured by far too extensive an introduction of the curiosities of Wagnerian criticism. Early in the work Mr. Finck announces his intention of serving his readers, from time to time, with the more "edifying" of these criticisms, "as a sort of *relevé* between the æsthetic and biographic courses." He keeps his word only too well, and the effect is that of wearisome repetition. The opinions expressed of Wagner's music by such men as Mr. Bennett, M. Fétis, and Dr. Hanslick are doubtless among the most delicious absurdities of modern criticism, and their authors were clearly "*Prachtexemplare* of the Philistine," but Mr. Finck quotes them much too frequently. A little of this sort of thing goes far, and whoever wants more of it has only to refer to Herr Tappert's "Wagner Lexicon." Mr. Finck tells us in a note that he has collected fresh material in quantity sufficient to make a new "Lexicon" of this sort. In fact, this polemical feature of the author's treatment of Wagner meets the fate of Macbeth's "vaulting ambition," and makes us almost sympathize with the slain whom Mr. Finck slays once more. Indeed, not content with mere slaughter, he tramples upon the bodies of his victims, scalps them, and holds the trophy exultantly aloft. In one case he tells us with apparent glee, how one of the critics became insane and "was placed where he belonged—in a lunatic asylum." It is quite clear that the author thinks he belonged



there, with the rest of the pack, all the time. All this is distinctly unpleasant in its effect, and the author's apology is inadequate when he says: "These critics are self-impaired; they helped to make Wagnerian history, and I, as veracious historian, am bound to chronicle the facts. Besides, these men had no end of fun in ridiculing Wagner and his admirers in former years; now that the tide has turned, have we not a right to a little fun at their expense?" A right, undoubtedly, but the question here is one of taste, not of right. Another characteristic of Mr. Finck's manner is found in his use of the adjective "funny" to designate anything with which he does not agree. Thus, we are told of the "funny" ideas of the critics and the "funny" musical philosophy of Schopenhauer. In construction Mr. Finck's work is loose-jointed and makes a patchwork impression. As a minor defect we may mention the fact that the titles of Wagner's works, musical and literary, are given sometimes in German, sometimes in English. To give them in the latter form has been the author's rule, but there are several exceptions. For "Das Liebesverbot" the less generally familiar sub-title, "The Novice of Palermo," is used with no apparent warrant.

Having glanced at the defects of Mr. Finck's work, we must not neglect to do justice to its merits, for it is, in spite of its shortcomings, the most important work upon its subject in the English language, and is likely to retain that position for years to come. In the first place, it is a work of great industry, aided by the collections of many years. The author tells us that, aside from the use made of Wagner's own writings, he has depended almost wholly upon his own experiences and collections, and upon the recently published collections of letters and other documents. To previous biographers he claims indebtedness "for less than a twentieth part of the material contained in these two volumes," and the claim may be allowed. As a storehouse of facts, taken mostly from original sources, the work is of high accuracy and value. It tells the story of Wagner's life very completely, although the autobiography, if ever published, will probably make material additions to our knowledge. Mr. Finck's summaries of the music-dramas are useful for reference, and, what is more, are readable. His analyses of the prose writings show an instinct for selecting the right things and emphasizing the right points. His statistics of the performances of Wagnerian opera

are abundant and useful. His critical exposition of Wagner's aims and achievements is admirable. The criticism is based upon the broad principles of art rather than upon the technical principles of composition, and this is the proper method for a popular biography. The criticism reveals clear insight and comes as near to a verbal interpretation of Wagner's immense power as any with which we are acquainted. We can imagine a more adequate criticism, but to imagine it is one thing, and to produce it another. Sometime we shall doubtless have a more searching discussion of Wagner's conception of the drama, and of the relation of his work to myth, to religious emotion, and to other aspects of culture. But the possibility that some one else may do better is no reason for grudging Mr. Finck the praise that is his due for having done so well.

A few waifs and strays from the thousand pages of this work are worth noting for their novelty or their originality. It is not generally known that Wagner wrote a "Columbus" overture at the age of twenty-two, a work that has been lost. We should have had it for the opening of the Columbian Exposition. After Wagner became famous he was the prey of the librettist, and some three thousand "books" were offered him at different times. One of Wagner's critics went so far as to publish a serious attempt to prove him a lunatic, the charge being based upon his vanity, his love of luxury, and his belief that he was a victim of persecution. Mr. Finck's comment is amusing: "The funniest part of this business is that in a country where almost every man suffers from megalomania, the one man who had the best claim to the title of genius should have been pronounced a lunatic." Mr. Finck quotes a passage from Jean Paul as the most curious coincidence in the history of the fine arts. The passage is this: "Hitherto Apollo has always distributed the poetic gift with his right hand, the musical with his left, to two persons so widely apart that up to this hour we are still waiting for the man who will create a genuine opera by writing both its text and its music." The coincidence is in the fact that this sentence was written at Bayreuth in the very year of Wagner's birth. But, as Mr. Finck shows us in his discussion of the *Leitmotiv*, the ideas to be developed by the composer were already in existence, and there were Wagnerians before Wagner just as there were Darwinians before Darwin.

Of the many misunderstandings to which



Wagner's critics gave currency, some survive in popular consciousness to the present day, and no part of Mr. Finck's work is more effective than that in which he combats these delusions. It is indeed exasperating to be told that Wagner despised melody, or that he subordinated the vocal to the orchestral parts of his work, and the author is not unjustified in the indignation of such a passage as the following: "To be accused of abolishing melody, when no one was ever more truly melodious; to be accused of destroying musical form when he was the real creator of organic form for dramatic music; to be accused of despising and abusing the great masters, when no one ever worshipped them as he did; to be accused of egotism, commercialism, puffery, sybaritic indulgence, when he had really sacrificed the comforts of almost his whole life to the attainment of a seemingly impossible ideal; to be accused of all these things, not ten times, but ten thousand times, until all the world believed the mammoth lie, — was this an experience to make a man amiable in his feelings and conduct toward the world?" We are still informed by the unthinking and the ignorant that the Italian style is vocal and the Wagnerian style is not. Whereupon the author aptly remarks: "Any second fiddler or flutist can play at sight the florid arias of such an opera as Rossini's 'Semiramide,' whereas to the human voice they are utterly antagonistic, as is proved by the fact that of all living singers that florid specialist, Madame Patti, alone can execute them correctly. That the lovers of this kind of practically wordless, instrumental 'song' should call Wagner's music, in which every word is distinctly heard, 'unvocal,' is about as topsy-turvy and as funny as anything in a Gilbert and Sullivan operetta-plot." As for the people who say that "Tristan and Isolde" is unmelodious, the author expresses his opinion upon that subject in unmistakable terms: "The whole work, like a Bach score, is polyphonic; that is, every harmonic part is a melody, a continuous melody. Often two or more melodies are heard at a time, in illustration of the complex dramatic emotion. It is a 'forest of melodies' which the myopic cannot see on account of the 'trees.' It is an emancipated melody no longer dependent on the dancing-master's geometrical figures, but moving on with a free dramatic *rubato*; no longer imprisoned in one key, but going about from key to key, unfettered, on the bridge of modulation, thus illustrating the relationship of

all the keys." Of course, those who really know Wagner do not need to be told these things, or that Wagner had no lack of appreciation from the men of genius who were his contemporaries, from such men as Liszt, and Franz, and Saint-Saens. The latter composer, writing of "Die Walküre," said: "A thousand critics writing each a thousand lines a day for ten years would injure this work about as much as a child's breath would go towards overthrowing the pyramids of Egypt."

Mr. Finck's book is the pean of triumphant Wagnerism. It is a story of artistic conquest to which history offers few parallels. We do not always like the way in which, for the purpose of emphasizing the significance of Wagner's work, the author decries the work of other composers, estimable in their fashion. In this respect he might well take a lesson from Wagner himself, who could write of even Meyerbeer in such terms as these: "He can readily find the richest, noblest, and most soul-stirring musical expression. I recall here especially some passages in the well-known scene of love and anguish in the fourth act of the 'Huguenots,' and above all, the wonderfully touching melody in G flat major, which, sprouting like a flower from a dramatic situation that makes every fibre of the human heart vibrate with a voluptuous thrill, is a passage to which few things in music, and only the most perfect, are comparable." Wagner said many harsh things about Meyerbeer, Mendelssohn, and others, but he did generous justice to the praiseworthy features of their work. Even the Italian opera writers found more mercy at his hands than at those of his biographer.

Wagner's place among composers is now safely assured. In his adaptation of music to the purposes of dramatic art he has won a position for which there is no rival claimant. As a musician pure and simple, he must be ranked with the first, with Bach and Beethoven. By a curious vagary, Mr. Finck omits Beethoven from his list of the greatest creative composers, and substitutes Schubert and Chopin. Elsewhere he says, speaking particularly of the last act of the "Götterdämmerung," that it "makes Beethoven's form seem mere child's play in comparison, and surpasses even the polyphonic ingenuity of Bach's genius." It would, perhaps, be better to leave for twentieth century criticism this extreme of eulogy, and yet, when under the spell of the act referred to, or of the love passages in "Tristan and Isolde," or of the sublime closing scenes of

"Die Meistersinger" and of "Parsifal," are there any, even among the most timid, who have not whispered to themselves something of the sort, upon whose minds has not been irresistibly borne the conclusion that the composition of these works marked for music a triumph beyond any that had gone before?

WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

#### THE AMERICAN COMMONWEALTH.\*

The Chancellorship of the Duchy of Lancaster is said to be a sinecure, a convenient office for a wise man with sound judgment, whose advice in the English Cabinet is desired but who is not expected to give his attention to the details of administration. Fortunate it is for literature that Mr. Bryce has not given himself up to the toil of a more exacting office. He has found the time to enter upon a careful revision of his great book upon America. The first volume of the third edition is now published and the second volume will be issued in a few months. The revision is not a book-selling ruse. The text and notes have been carefully examined and often changed. Slight alterations in phraseology indicate that there has been the closest scrutiny of every word. New laws and new state constitutions have been studied and the text amended to correspond with the new facts.

One or two examples will illustrate the character of the revision. In speaking of state constitutional conventions, the first edition asserts that they are now "merely advisory" bodies. The present edition guardedly states that they are "usually advisory" bodies. The correction was made necessary by the astonishing act of the Mississippi convention of 1890, which, though summoned under a statute, created and enacted a new constitution in spite of an express clause in the existing constitution providing for transmittal to the people of all alterations in their fundamental law. Another example of a different kind will show that the book has been improved by omissions as well as additions. The first edition contains a paragraph beginning thus: "What shall we do with our ex-Presidents?" is a question often put in America but never yet answered." The present volume quietly and sensibly drops the paragraph out. The grave discussion of the question was an in-

dication that even Mr. Bryce might nod. For we all know that with all our queries the one that troubles us least is what to do with Mr. Harrison. The American to the manner born wonders why we should do anything with him.

By a few changes and omissions of this kind Mr. Bryce has slightly improved his book. It was capable of only slight improvement. Especially can he not be charged with lack of appreciation of American sentiment and impulses. If the book were crowded with inaccuracies in fact and figure, it would stand as a marvelous proof of the man's sympathetic and sensitive nature which has enabled him to feel the very pulse-beat, to breathe the very spirit, of a great nation — and that, too, a curiously composite one.

Some of the errors of the earlier editions have not been corrected. Many have been, and the book stands to-day almost faultless. So many beneficial changes have been made that one is led to regret that the impossible was not realized and the work turned out free from the slightest mistakes. It seems necessary here to point out one or two statements that may be corrected in some future edition.

On page 268 it is stated that the case of "*Marbury vs. Madison*" was decided in 1801, whereas it was not in reality until 1803 that the decision was rendered. On the same page we find the statement that in 1806 the Supreme Court for the first time declared a state statute void. What case that was we are not told. The fact is that the first case was that of "*Fletcher vs. Peck*," decided in 1810.

On page 384 it is said that when Marshall became Chief Justice only two cases on constitutional law had been pronounced by the court and between that time and his death fifty-one were given. This is a curiously striking blunder to appear in three editions of a book which has been examined and criticised by specialists on constitutional law on both sides of the Atlantic. There were at least six cases decided by the beginning of this century, and while Marshall presided over the court there were sixty-one decisions given on constitutional points. Twice Mr. Bryce refers to the case of "*Kilbourn vs. Thompson*" (103 U. S. 168) and each time evidently mistakes the conclusions of the court. It was not decided in that case that "inasmuch as the constitution could not be shown to have conferred on either House of Congress any power to punish for contempt, that power did not exist." The court did not dare to make such an extreme

\*THE AMERICAN COMMONWEALTH. By James Bryce. Third edition, revised and rewritten, Volume I. New York: Macmillan & Co.

statement, but contented itself with declaring, as a general proposition: "We are sure no person can be punished for contumacy as a witness before either House, unless his testimony is required in a matter into which that House has jurisdiction to enquire."

One alteration has been made which corrects a mistake of the first edition, but which now conveys a wrong impression. The first edition had these words: "Although it cannot initiate appropriation bills, the Senate has long ago made good its claim to amend them." The present edition reads: "Although it cannot initiate revenue-raising bills, the Senate long ago made good its claim to amend appropriation bills." The impression left by the first sentence is that no appropriation bills can originate in the Senate; whereas the truth is, of course, that it is a mere usage which gave to the House the right to introduce the general appropriation bills. But the statement as now corrected leaves the impression that revenue-raising bills cannot be amended in the Upper House,—an assertion as far from the truth as the former.

These are but trivial faults to find with this magnificent monument of scholarly insight and sagacious judgment. The work is too great to need laudation. The particular volume before me is one of the forty-sixth thousand. Could there be better proof of the greatness of the book than this evidence of popular appreciation? Such figures certainly prove that not only yellow-covered tales of blood-curdling horror appeal to the reading public.

It is certainly amusing to see the good humor and glee with which the American people have taken Mr. Bryce's severe strictures upon their political institutions. For there is no denying that our cumbersome machine has received some severe criticism. But the whole book has about it such an air of candor and hearty good-will that one is led to take an objective stand and quite to sympathize with the critic. Yet the careful student of politics must have stopped at times to wonder whether the denunciation of congressional government, which has been indulged in from the time that Bagehot first wrote, is altogether merited. Bryce is more gentle than Bagehot, but in many respects their criticisms and conclusions agree. But parliamentary and congressional government are on trial, and only time can make the proper test. The day may not be far distant when England will wish that her government, which is now a machine of such

delicacy, so quickly responsive to public will, were provided with an effective second chamber and an independent executive. Congressional government with all its wastefulness and its cumbersomeness, with its diffusion of power and its friction of complicated mechanism, may prove ultimately the better form for a popular state with universal suffrage. It may be perfectly true that a government like that of England "that yields and must yield to the slightest wish of the House of Commons, is only possible so long as that House is the organ of an 'educated minority.'"

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#### THE STORY OF A CAVALRY REGIMENT.\*

Lieutenant Scott's recent "Story of a Cavalry Regiment" is the history of the Fourth Iowa Veteran Regiment from the time of its enlistment in 1861, until its final discharge in 1865. The author, however, has made of his book much more than a record of the single organization, which it modestly assumes to be, and has told, in a very interesting way, the history of a great part of the War of the Rebellion in the states of Missouri, Arkansas, Tennessee, Mississippi, and Alabama, where the Fourth Iowa served; and has written the military biography of one of the most brilliant cavalry officers whom the Volunteer Army of the Union produced.

Colonel and Brevet Brigadier-General Edward F. Winslow began his career as a soldier with the rank of captain, which he obtained by the votes of the company he had raised in the Fourth Iowa, and rose by sheer merit to the command of the regiment, on July 4, 1863. He was a commander of whom the whole country may well be proud; his courage was undoubted, his coolness in danger manifest on many occasions, and his fertility of resource, when carrying out his orders, such as to make him a favorite officer with General Sherman and other corps commanders under whom he served, while his influence and devotion to duty created of his regiment a body of veterans which became well-nigh invincible, before the close of the Rebellion, unless

\*THE STORY OF A CAVALRY REGIMENT: The Career of the Fourth Iowa Volunteers, from Kansas to Georgia, 1861-5. By William Forse Scott, late Adjutant. New York: G. F. Putnam's Sons.



greatly outnumbered by the force opposed to it.

The first campaign in which the Fourth Iowa took part was in the spring of 1862, when the command was ordered to join the Army of the South-West, which under General Curtis had just won the victory of Pea-Ridge. On the 14th of April the Regiment broke camp at Springfield, Missouri, marching south on the Ozark Road, and on the 16th entered upon active service, which was, however, confined to scouting in detachments in front and on the flanks of the Army, as it moved Eastward from Pea-Ridge to West Plains, Arkansas, and then by way of Batesville to Helena, where the campaign ended.

The service was very fatiguing, and many of the men suffered from sickness, so that Lieutenant Scott records that the mounted column of the regiment was diminished in number almost as if a plague had struck it. The marching had been nearly continuous, much of the time in excessive rain and heat, and the new soldiers reached their camp at Helena thoroughly discouraged and worn out. From July 15, 1862, until April, 1863, the regiment remained on duty in or near Helena, Arkansas, and during these months was reorganized under general orders of the War Department, to its great advantage; the companies were kept busy with the duties of the soldier, improving in drill and *esprit de corps*, under the stimulus of various small expeditions, which prepared the command for the more dangerous service to come. Lieutenant Scott tells the story of this long tour of duty briefly but well, in the third chapter of his book, and the reader can readily understand how the regiment, both officers and men, was gaining experience which could not fail to make it the splendid organization which it was destined to become.

On the 29th of April, 1863, the Fourth Iowa embarked at Helena, and on the 30th landed at Millikin's Bend, becoming part of the army which, under General Grant, was operating against Vicksburg. The General was just beginning his move upon the Rebel stronghold from the South, and on Sunday, May 10, the regiment joined the main army at Cayuga, where it was assigned to General Sherman's corps, the Fifteenth, and at once placed in the advance. Until the middle of June, the Fourth was the only cavalry regiment in Grant's army, and the service demanded of it was therefore correspondingly great; it was literally incessant labor, performed in very hot weather, with poor horses

and steady decrease in numbers capable of duty, caused by disease.

The command first met the enemy at Fourteen Mile Creek, where Major, afterwards Colonel, Winslow distinguished himself, and by great good fortune under the very eyes of General Sherman, who seems ever afterwards to have held him in high regard for his ability and gallantry. This was on May 12, and on the 14th the Army occupied Jackson, Mississippi. The battle of Champion's Hill followed, and is well described by our author, though his regiment was not engaged, its next important duty being the capture of Haines Bluff on the 18th. From that time until the surrender of Pemberton the skirmishing was frequent, and in one engagement on Jones's plantation June 22 the Fourth lost sixty men in killed, wounded, and prisoners. The surrender at Vicksburg, and the victory at Gettysburg assured the final outcome of the Rebellion, although the most brilliant service of the Fourth Iowa was still to be performed; four distinct campaigns followed in which the regiment was to play its part, each one of which brought added reputation to the veterans.

About this time, Major Edward F. Winslow became colonel and Captain John H. Peters lieutenant-colonel of the regiment, a change which was most fortunate, being quickly followed by increased efficiency in every way. The Fourth Iowa was brigaded with the Third Iowa, Second Wisconsin, and Fifth Illinois, and moved on July 5, as part of Sherman's command, against General Johnston. After considerable fighting the city of Jackson was captured for the second time, and on August 10 Colonel Winslow with some eight hundred men from the Third and Fourth Iowa and Fifth Illinois made a most successful raid on Grenada, where his force was increased to three thousand by junction with cavalry from Tennessee, and thence marched to Memphis, reporting to General Grant.

In the campaign of Meridian which immediately followed, the Colonel of the Fourth Iowa, commanding the cavalry brigade and reporting direct to General Sherman, demonstrated his ability as a cavalry officer by occupying the city of Jackson for a third time in most brilliant fashion, cutting off the enemy's cavalry from any immediate service, and after continuous and generally successful skirmishing, assisting in the capture of Meridian and the return march to Vicksburg, where the com-



mand obtained its veteran furlough and went home for thirty days.

Upon returning to the front, the Fourth Iowa was attached to the cavalry division under General Grierson, and Colonel Winslow was assigned to the command of the second brigade, of which his regiment formed part. In June, 1864, the division took part in the ill-managed expedition from Memphis under the command of General Sturgis, which culminated in the disastrous defeat at Brice's Cross-Roads known also as the Battle of Tishomingo Creek. The chapter which gives an account of this unfortunate campaign is by far the most interesting in the whole of Lieutenant Scott's work, and gives the student of the Civil War valuable information, which can be relied on and which is not readily to be obtained elsewhere, if indeed it can be obtained at all. The conduct of the cavalry brigade engaged was in all respects most creditable, and with the exception of a small portion of the brigade of colored troops these brigades it seems to have been the only part of the army which did not become disorganized, although with such a commander as General Sturgis it is not surprising that there was failure and panic-stricken rout.

The Fourth Iowa was next sent to Missouri, where Pleasanton had been ordered to make head against Sterling Price, and here the regiment and its gallant colonel, who was severely wounded during the campaign, won new honors. The operations of the campaign were almost entirely those of cavalry; and in a series of engagements the enemy was driven down into the western part of Arkansas and so thoroughly disorganized and broken up that he was never again able to take the field. There are few cavalry fights more exciting than those of the Big Blue and Osage River, and the story of them is eloquently told in this record of one of the regiments, whose part was no mean one and whose performance of that part sheds lustre on the American Volunteer which will always remain bright. Finally the regiment, with the rest of the brigade under the command of Colonel Winslow, was attached to the great Cavalry Corps of Major-General Wilson, in the Division of General Upton, and participated in the raid which resulted in the capture of the fortified cities of Selma, Columbus, and Macon, ending only because of the collapse of the Rebellion, which found the Fourth Iowa at the last named city; from which place it was in 1865 sent North and mustered out.

The style of the "Story of a Cavalry Regi-

ment" is excellent, the interest never flags, and the book will be read with profit by the general reader,—which is much more than can be said of most regimental histories. The author is fortunate in his publishers, who have made a book which is attractive in appearance and exceptionally free from typographical errors.

WILLIAM ELIOT FURNESS.

#### THE PROGRESS OF ECONOMIC THOUGHT.\*

Social economics has to do with the material welfare of human society. It is the science which considers the ways and means of "getting a living," the social institutions which result from man's industrial activity, and the influences and conditions which determine the well-being of man in society. The only excuse, therefore, for the study of economic facts is to be found in the rules of right social living which result. It is not enough to know a fact; the economist must also show its practical significance and importance. Only by so doing can he aid in the substitution of scientific for empirical ways of living. By studying past experiences we are able to transmute life into thought and to intelligently regulate the industrial life alike of the individual and of the community.

But a half-truth may be a source of calamity, rather than a benefit. Here lies the danger of socialism. It has shown the logical absurdity of the earlier English economics, and emphasized the most important characteristics of the capitalistic system of production; it has thus rendered immense benefit in the development of economic thought. But it has not ex-

\* A HISTORY OF SOCIALISM. By Thomas Kirkup. London: Adam & Charles Black.

SOCIALISM FROM GENESIS TO REVELATION. By Rev. F. M. Sprague. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

SOCIALISM UTOPIAN AND SCIENTIFIC. By Frederick Engels; translated by Edward Aveling. "Social Science Series." Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE ECONOMY OF HIGH WAGES. By J. Schoenhof; with introduction by Thomas F. Bayard. "Questions of the Day." New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THE SOCIAL CONDITION OF LABOR. By E. R. L. Gould. Johns Hopkins University Studies. Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Press.

THE THEORY OF WAGES, and Its Application to the Eight Hours Question and Other Labor Problems. By Herbert M. Thompson. New York: Macmillan & Co.

WHY GOVERNMENT AT ALL? By William Van Ornum. Chicago: C. H. Kerr & Co.

THE NEW MOVEMENT IN HUMANITY: From Liberty to Unity. By William Jewett Tucker. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

plained existing economic conditions, nor has it provided mankind with a rational basis for state activity; it has given no body of rules for the conscious direction of the industrial forces in society, save as it suggests the exact opposite of the doctrine of *laissez faire*. It has presented pretty, fancy sketches of a possible industrial life, which captivate by their contrast with conditions prevailing at present; but it ignores those essential elements of human nature which militate against such a state, and the actual processes of social development in the past.

Mr. Thomas Kirkup's "History of Socialism" is a well-written historic narrative, outlining the growth of socialistic thought and action. The author discusses the early French socialism of St. Simon and of Fourier; the writings of Louis Blanc, Proudhon, and the English economists; the work and influence of Robert Owen, of Charles Kingsley, and Frederic Dennison Maurice; the scientific treatises of Lassalle, Rodbertus, and Karl Marx,—the latter with the enthusiasm of an ardent disciple. The last chapter is written in the spirit of prophecy; but, unfortunately for the prophet, the theory of surplus value is by no means as scientific, nor the wage system of industry so vicious, as Mr. Kirkup imagines. Otherwise an industrial millenium might come in the manner suggested by socialists. In truth a higher civilization, the historic development of industry, lie straight ahead, and must be reached by more progress of the same kind as that which has raised a savage barbarian to the level of a social being. The path of human progress lies along the line of the slow and steady working out of an ever higher because more complex standard of living, thinking, and acting.

Mr. F. M. Sprague, in his "Socialism from Genesis to Revelation," is earnestly struggling after this path, but he appears to entirely misapprehend the trend of industrial development. His book is written in the belief that the inequality and injustice which now prevail must give way to the principles of brotherhood as set forth by Christ. It is the work of a devout Christian minister, who is filled with zeal for social reform and conceives that the road passes through scientific socialism by way of Christian ethics. The author seems to take everything said against the present industrial system as valid testimony affording conclusive reason for its overthrow. One cannot help querying what the Savior really would say if he were here in

the body. It is at least doubtful whether he would entirely agree with the Congregational clergyman. Nor is it clear that Mr. Sprague's book is any nearer the wants of the laboring class to whom it is dedicated than it is to the gospel and the social philosophy of Jesus. The postulates are wrong, and no amount of good intentions can redeem the conclusion.

Mr. Frederick Engels's "Socialism, Utopian and Scientific," is a brief presentation of the philosophy of socialism. Mr. Engels was the comrade and close personal friend, in war and in exile, of Karl Marx, and is therefore of all men the best fitted to give us the doctrine of socialism *ex cathedra*. This he has done in a very concise manner without being offensively dogmatic. He maintains that socialism became a science with Marx's discovery of the secret of capitalistic production, in the creation of surplus value; that it is no longer an accidental idea from this or that ingenious brain, but the result of the struggle between the two historically developed classes, the proletariat and the bourgeoisie; and that the socialistic state, in which the community is to own all the agents of production, is the inevitable outcome of social progress. Mr. Engels's book has the merit of greatly simplifying his master's statement of the case for socialism, but it takes for granted the very point in dispute between scientific economics and socialism. The so-called discovery of Marx, that surplus value is robbery of the laborer, is the fallacy of modern socialism. Unless that is justified, and neither sound logic nor accurate induction can justify it, the whole argument fails.

Perhaps equally dangerous as a guide in the formation of a national policy is the half-truth which is now being so widely urged by free-traders, that high wages give a low cost of production. There is just enough error in the statement to make it mischievous. A low cost of production is often found to accompany high wages; but it does not follow that one is the cause of the other. It is assumed in this conclusion that the productive power of the laborer increases directly as his intelligence, and that wages depend directly on the amount he produces. It happens that neither of these assumptions are correct. The economy of highly paid laborers is due in a very slight degree to the skill of the workers, as is evidenced by the fact that the large majority of skilled mechanics in this country are foreigners. Nor does the laborer need to produce more in order to get higher wages; there is no economic se-

curity that he will get higher wages in case the product is increased as the direct result of his efforts. It is rather the capitalist who must "save" labor, by using more capital, and create a surplus on which the laborer can draw more pay through organized effort.

Because high wages, greater skill, and a low cost of production are found together, Mr. J. Schoenhof, in his "Economy of High Wages," is able to choose as the cause of the others that one of the three which best serves his definite purpose,—that of proving that the country in which the highest wages are paid is the one which least needs a protective tariff. Unfortunately for the argument presented in this book, the price of labor, like the price of everything else, depends in the long run on the cost. Wages, a special name given to the price paid for service, are determined by the cost of living of the most expensive laborers in any class, a rise of real wages being always due to an increase in the habitual wants of the class. The rising standard of living involves a larger consumption of wealth, implies higher intelligence, and results in more complex social relations. These new conditions give both the incentive to, and the justification of, improved methods of production, which increase the product, reduce the cost, and lower the price. High wages are the social cause and low prices the ultimate economic effect. Mr. Schoenhof has made an extended study of comparative wage conditions, but his book is of chief value not because of the conclusions reached, but because the author recognizes the fact which capitalists have so perversely and persistently ignored,—that high wages and short hours do not produce a high cost of production, but are themselves the result of those social conditions which alone make wealth cheap and civilization abundant.

E. R. L. Gould's "The Social Condition of Labor" is a more elaborately scientific study of wages statistics, being the result of several years' special investigation in the Department of Labor. Mr. Gould has analyzed and tabulated a vast body of facts regarding the income and expenditure of laborers' families and the cost of production of staple articles. He seeks to give scientific precision to the term "standard of living" and to show its economic significance; to analyze the actual life of thousands of families in this country and in Europe, and to study that kind of ministering to present wants which is most prolific in begetting new ones. He compares the family budget

by industry and by nationality,—the amount contributed by each member of the family; the expenditure for rent, food, clothing, books and newspapers, alcoholic drinks, tobacco, and all other items; the change produced by the migration of European laborers to this country. His chief aim is to see "how an ambitious, intelligent, well-living laboring class fares in economic competition." This question, the author continues, is "a crucial one, for if a high standard of life begets superior force, intelligence, and skill, these latter can be depended upon to perpetuate themselves, and their exercise to react alike to the benefit of employer and employed." Mr. Gould's conclusion is that ere long the world's industrial supremacy will pass to those who earn the most and live the best.

In contrast with this inductive study, an English writer, Mr. H. M. Thompson, in "The Theory of Wages," offers a deductive theory of wages. He discards the Wage-Fund theory as insufficient and Francis A. Walker's "residual claimant" theory as inconsistent with itself. He shows that rent and interest cannot be treated as essentially different in their qualities, and urges that labor, like the other agents in production, receives its reward in the product as a varying proportion of that varying product. This is but a restatement of the oft-repeated law of supply and demand, which says that the industrial quotient at any particular moment of time depends on the dividend and the divisor, but does not explain the tendencies in industrial movements. In his last chapter, Mr. Thompson figures out with mathematical accuracy the probable effect of certain changes in the problem of wages which are suggested by the prominence of the Eight Hours Movement and the growing importance of Trade Unions as an economic force. The advantages of these detailed calculations do not appear, however. No rule of right social living seems to result.

But Mr. William H. Van Ornum supplies the deficiency very completely. In a rather entertaining book of 350 pages entitled "Why Government at All?" he maintains that no rational answer can be given to the question, and counsels the complete abolition of all law and of every form of political organization. The process is simple. All mankind should at once begin the work of convincing itself that government is unnecessary, and should quietly suppress the institution by refusing to vote supplies. Until recently the author had believed in the



magic power of the single tax as a cure for all social ills, and was surprised at the great variety of schemes for improving humanity which have each their quota of devoted followers. Anarchists want this law, but socialists do not; socialists want that law, but single-taxers do not; single-taxers want still a third law, but the farmers do not; the farmers want another law, but bankers, merchants, and capitalists generally do not; manufacturers want one policy, but trade unionists another. He felt a common standing ground must be found for all social reformers, unless there is unsoundness in the principle of reform itself. Mr. Van Ornum finds this in the abolition of all law, and begins the new crusade with this address to his fellow reformers. The absurdity of the logic and of the proposition itself almost preclude comment. If all men were intelligent, honest, upright, virtuous, just, life would be a delightfully simple thing,—painfully simple, perhaps. But they are not, and socialism has not yet explained how they are quickly and surely to become so.

An antidote for this kind of literature, where any is needed, is offered by Prof. W. J. Tucker, of Andover Seminary, in a broad and philosophic analysis of the present tendencies in society, entitled "The New Movement in Humanity." He characterizes the activity of the present generation as a conscious movement from liberty to unity. This is preëminently an intellectual movement, the enthusiasm of the earlier generations having spent itself in securing liberty in the western world. The intellectual life of man is returning from its searchings after God and its wanderings in the outer universe; humanity is becoming the object of its thought. As a direct result of the great advance in physical science made in the last fifty years, we have to-day a conscious movement in church, in state, in industry, toward an ever-increasing social unity. In economics, in politics, in religion, forgetting the things which are behind, man is pressing on toward the common destiny of the race. Labor organizations and trusts, international arbitration, church consolidation, each in its way is doing its share of the work. "The spirit of unity is abroad, everywhere supporting, guiding, cheering the belated spirit of liberty," and working out its own salvation in the spirit of common interest and common inheritances. The movement is social, but not socialistic.

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#### BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

*A condensed summary of Modern Philosophy.*

MR. B. C. BURT's "History of Modern Philosophy" (McClurg) is a respectable compilation which it would be unreasonable to censure with harshness. At the same time, it is the duty of the critic to warn the reader that books of this kind will not teach him anything. A new history of philosophy has no excuse for being unless it either offers a more exact and erudite presentation of the external facts than Ueberweg-Heinze or Erdmann, or develops in intelligible and readable fashion some definite conception of the course of philosophic thought and the inner relations of the divers systems to each other and to the best psychology of to-day,—such as we find, for example, in Mr. Alfred Benn's admirable work on the Greek philosophers. Mr. Burt does neither of these things. His facts are compiled somewhat mechanically from Zeller, Noack, Erdmann, and the "Encyclopædia Britannica." Some observations are added from his own reading, and in a few instances (Locke, Kant, Spencer, Hartman) he presents a *résumé* made by himself of the chief work of an author or of selections therefrom. But in no single instance does he appear to have thought himself into a system so as to be able to give a free generalizing critical exposition. This reserve is perhaps intended, and is sufficiently explained by the design of the work, which is to present a clear definite outline of the main facts for students and the general reader. But whether intended or not, it is a mistake. The thoughts of the great philosophers can not be scheduled in short technical sentences, like the facts of their lives and the bibliography of their works. Such summaries give us only the scaffolding and framework of a system; they do not exhibit to us the organic thought and purpose of the author; they inevitably misrepresent the true relations and proportions of things; they are absolutely unreadable, and very nearly unintelligible, owing to the inherent ambiguity of the vague abstractions in which they are couched. What light will come to the undergraduate student or the general reader from pages of such formulas as the following: "The limitation of the inorganic in its highest power, or potency, gives, as product, the organic. The stages of the organic are sensibility, irritability, reproduction. As regards the relation of the inorganic and the organic, it appears that, phenomenally speaking, the former is second potency, may take its origin from simple factors, appears to have existed from all eternity, and arrives at indifference," etc., etc. The only readers whom such *galimatias* as this will not baffle or mislead are perfectly capable of finding it for themselves in Schelling when they want it. The space allotted to the various systems is by no means proportioned to their significance. In the first volume, Wolff receives twice as many pages as Berkeley. The first half of the second volume is occupied by a number of third-rate half-forgotten German tran-

scandalists and "nature" philosophers who should have been dismissed in a chapter. Six pages only are given to Schopenhauer, whose influence on living contemporary thought (Paulsen, Riehl, Brunetière, Renan, etc.) is greater than that of any other German philosopher; sixteen to Rosmini, a belated Italian scholastic who does not count with serious thinkers; twenty-five to Lotze; twenty to an original *résumé* of the English translation of Hartmann's colossal mystification, the "Philosophy of the Unconscious"; fifty to a barren epitome of Collin's epitome of the "Synthetic Philosophy" of Herbert Spencer. Positive errors are not frequent. The most amusing that has come under our notice is the version given of Thomasius's golden rule: "Do to yourself what you would have others do to you" (Vol. I., p. 219), apparently a hasty translation of Zeller's "Uns selbst das zu thun, wovon wir wünschen, dass andere es sich selbst thun!" There are also a few misprints in Latin and Italian titles.

*The recollections of Marshal Macdonald.*

THE MESSRS. Scribner issue a new and revised edition of the "Recollections of Marshal Macdonald," a book which, aside from its autobiographical interest, is naturally of considerable value as a historical document. Macdonald was a rarely, and often an injudiciously, outspoken man; and his Memoir, essentially the unglossed retrospect of a blunt soldier, penned for the eye of an only son, bears unmistakably the impress of truth. For most readers the Marshal's reminiscences of Napoleon, and his account, as an eye witness, of the Emperor's words and bearing at certain momentous junctures, will prove the most interesting part of the story. A curious display of the visionary element in Napoleon's character occurred just before the battle of Leipsic. Says the Marshal: "While I was attacking the heights of Bischofswerda, the Emperor came up to this artillery; he sent for me, and I found him helping to place it in position, and pushing with all his might to help the gunners. 'What are you going to fire at, Sire?' I asked him. 'At that line of cavalry down there in front of us.' 'But it is out of range, your Majesty! I saw it as I came back! They are only scouts; and there is but one line of them!' 'Never mind,' he replied, and gave the word to fire. We could not see where the shot fell, and the cavalry remained motionless; I could not understand his object. At the seventeenth shot he ordered this useless fire to cease, remarking: 'It is costing us too much.' The enemy were driven back from the heights, and we followed them. The Emperor called me aside, and said: 'You were surprised at my firing?' 'Yes,' I answered, 'because that handful of cavalry was not worth powder and shot, besides being out of range.' It had, moreover, just retreated. 'You see,' continued the Emperor, 'that with every volley one hits something; it may be a man of mark. Look at Moreau!—he was killed by a spent shot at Dresden. Look at Duroc or Bessières!'" One can

scarcely fancy soldiers of the type of Moltke, Wellington, or Grant indulging in such vagaries of genius. The volume is carefully edited by Camille Rousset (Member of the French Academy), and the translation, by Stephen Louis Simon, is smooth and accurate. There is a fine portrait of the Marshal, after David's spirited painting.

*The new two-volume edition of Miss Burney's "Evelina."*

MR. J. M. DENT, the London publisher, has just issued a two-volume edition of Miss Burney's "Evelina," uniform in style with his exquisite edition of Jane Austen. "Evelina" is a novel of manners. The judicious kindly Mrs. Mirvan, the gentle, unsophisticated Evelina, the paragon of gentility, Lord Orville, the superficially elegant Sir Clement Willoughby, the foppish, snobbish Lovel, the boisterous Captain Mirvan, the irascible Madame Duval, the common pretentious Mr. Smith, the rampantly rude Branghtons,—all these reveal their individuality and character by their behavior at such social events as parties, balls, and entertainments. This method of characterization is carried out with no more seriousness and profundity than we ought reasonably to expect from a very bright but rather inexperienced young lady scarce out of her teens, as was Miss Burney when this novel was written. "Evelina" is truly feminine in touch, and sometimes weakly so in an inclination toward crude sentimentalism and toward overdrawing characters and overdoing situations. The McCartney episodes, for instance, show the unrestrained romanticism of a Quixotic young lady's fancy. In "Evelina" we find neither the penetrative wit nor the consummate art of "Mansfield Park," but we are attracted by the peculiar ingenuousness, delicacy, and grace of the style. The chief excellences are freshness, vivacity, humor, and a wholesome realism. Miss Burney well understands how to bring together the most incongruous people in the most diverting situations, and as a humorous medley of high and low life "Evelina" is quite unsurpassed. Nowhere is the *bourgeoise* spirit and manner shown in a more amusing light, and in delineating vulgarity Fanny Burney excels Thackeray, and that without his cynicism. The Branghtons will always remain as perfect types of ridiculous and sublime effrontery. While "Evelina" is not one of the very greatest novels, and, indeed, is hardly a novel at all in the accepted sense of the term to-day, yet as a very clever story of adventures among the *beaux* and *belles* of the greater and lesser London a century ago, it will still please the reader who loves the unconscious humor of situation and character set forth with gusto, though with perfect delicacy and taste.

*A new edition of Lippincott's standard Gazetteer.*

"LIPPINCOTT'S Pronouncing Gazetteer of the World" is one of those books that enjoy so secure a place that any praise would be a work of supererogation. It is the foremost work of the sort in the English language, and one of the eight or ten reference

books that are indispensable in every school and household. A new edition of this work has just appeared, with corrections based upon the latest census returns, and a series of new statistical tables of the highest usefulness. These tables, which fill 400 of the 3,000 pages contained within this bulky volume, are thus described in the preface: "Arranged *seriatim*, these tables exhibit, first, the area and population and population per square mile of the several continents, and their grand divisions and subdivisions, with mention of the governments to which the dependent divisions belong; second, the population of the principal cities of the world at different recent dates, thus illustrating their growth or decline during the period intervening between the dates therein mentioned; third, the gradual growth of the several states of the American Union, as shown by their respective populations and populations per square mile at each of the census enumerations from 1790 to 1890; fourth, the counties of the United States, with their location in their respective States, their areas, and their gradual growth in population as given in the census returns of 1880 and 1890, and their population per square mile at the latter date; and fifth and sixth, a comparison of the population at different dates of the cities, towns, villages, and other minor divisions of the United States, based upon the census returns of 1880 and 1890, thus furnishing ready facilities for noting the growing importance or decline of all places named in these reports." We also call attention to the articles on the new States of the Union, to the carefully rewritten descriptions of our chief cities, and to the embodiment in the work of the latest results of exploration in Asia and Africa.

*The origin and evolution of Decorative Art.*

MR. HENRY BALFOUR'S "The Evolution of Decorative Art" (Macmillan) is a little book, but a most suggestive one. It could only grow out of a museum, for only in a museum's cases can the material for such a study be found. Mr. Balfour, who is curator of the Ethnographical Department of the Museum at Oxford, states as a preliminary proposition that Prehistoric Archaeology alone is quite insufficient to give an idea of the origin of decoration; we must study also the art work of savage and barbarous people now living. Nature seems to have delighted in leaving some old-fashioned animal or plant living here and there, to help the geologist to understand the life of past ages; in the same way she has left in many an out-of-the-way place little races and tribes of men, who have somehow or other fallen out of the world's line of progress, and still preserve in their daily life, customs, arts, and thoughts, primitive conditions. Among the works of such people we may trace the history of the world's progress. Mr. Balfour sums up his treatment on page 76 of his book, in a statement that there are three great stages in the evolution of decorative art,—the Adaptive, the Creative, the Variative. Man sees some curious and pleasing effect

occurring naturally in his material, or arising from accident in manufacture. He seizes upon it and increases it. This is simply adaptive. Later, he creates such effects when they are not present naturally. Lastly, designs thus copied vary, either unintentionally or purposely, and new designs result. The three stages are carefully traced in the discussion and clearly illustrated. After this general study, Mr. Balfour takes up sculpture and delineation separately, discusses each, and applies the principles already reached, in detail. The book is pleasantly written, deals directly with its subject, is sufficiently illustrated: in other words, it is a good book.

*A popular book on the Greek and Roman "City-States."*

It is true, as Mr. W. Warde Fowler says in his preface to "The City-State of the Greeks and Romans" (Macmillan), that the book contains "absolutely nothing new" in the way of material. But the book is, nevertheless, one that may be read with profit even by those most familiar with its subject, while for others, seeking to understand the ancient city, and not wholly satisfied with the treatment given it by Fustel de Coulanges, Mr. Fowler's book will be found simply invaluable. Its merits are those that come from thorough mastery of a subject, from philosophical treatment, and from lucid style. The author describes the development of the ancient city out of the primitive forms of society that it replaced, its passage through the phases of monarchical, aristocratic, and democratic government, the internal and external causes of its decay, and its final absorption into the structure of imperial Rome. Athens and Rome are, of course, the city-states with whose history the work is mainly concerned, but many an apt illustration or side-light is afforded by the annals of other cities, especially those of Greece. The author keeps well within the limits set by modern criticism to our knowledge of ancient Greece and Italy, although his subject is one that tempts the fancy and lends itself to the theorist. We are not acquainted with another as admirable popular treatment of this vastly interesting chapter of history.

*A student's book of famous English Allegories.*

EDUCATORS having begun to show a disposition towards a new and more enlightened method in the study of English literature,—namely, by direct study of its masterpieces rather than by second-hand comments about them,—a demand has arisen for cheap reprints in convenient form for the student's use. With the design of meeting this demand, a series of "Select English Classics" (Silver, Burdett & Co.) are now issuing in volumes classified according to the several forms of literary expression. The second of this series is before us, prepared by Prof. James Baldwin, and is called "The Famous Allegories." It includes selections from twenty-one of the most famous allegories in English and Scottish literature, the most space being given, very properly, to Spenser's "Faerie Queene." An admirable introduction of ten pages deals with the general



subject of allegory in the world's literature, showing the nature of imagination and fancy and their prevalence among all early races, the origin of allegory with notable examples from the Hebrew, Greek, and Anglo-Saxon, the taste which prevailed for this form of composition from the twelfth to the fifteenth centuries,—a taste so universal that for a time it modified the whole texture of European literature.

*The fascinating record of a woman's to Sultan achievement.* Mrs. M. French-Sheldon's "Sultan" (Arena Publishing Co.) is an interesting account of an unprecedented achievement. No woman, to our knowledge, ever before undertook and carried to success such an expedition as that which this work describes. At the head of her own caravan, the author started from Zanzibar, penetrated East Africa and the Masai country as far as the Kilimanjaro region, and returned to the coast, bringing with her some additions to geographical knowledge, many careful observations upon native men and manners, and enough experience to last most women for a lifetime. Judged by the common *cui bono* test, Mrs. Sheldon's expedition does not seem to have had a value proportioned to cost, but it certainly offers a splendid example of energy, perseverance, and good management, and examples of these qualities are not so common (especially in women) that it is becoming to sneer at them, as some of the author's critics have done. Mrs. Sheldon's book has numerous literary shortcomings, but is, nevertheless, the fascinating record of a very noteworthy undertaking.

*An attractive volume of addresses by Phillips Brooks.* SOMEWHAT of the personal magnetism of the man is absent from "The Addresses of Bishop Phillips Brooks," lately issued by Messrs. C. E. Brown & Co., of Boston. Yet here is a directness and a simplicity of language in these discourses that show the great preacher not simply in that capacity, but as a "master of the oratory of the heart," to use the words of his editor, the Rev. Julius H. Ward. The wonderful force of his appeal to humanity lay, perhaps, as much in his example as in his presentations of the truth. Strength and tenderness were rarely blended in the man, and his influence extended alike over the rich and the poor, the strong and the weak. Mr. W. H. Bicknell's etched portrait, which serves as the frontispiece, is a distinct ornament to the volume, and one would not willingly do without it. The book is of portable size, and it is safe to say that many a copy will be worn out in the pockets of the author's numerous admirers.

#### BRIEFER MENTION.

AMONG the many books about Columbus that have recently seen the light, a word of commendation should be given the unpretentious but interesting sketch by Mr. Frederick Saunders, entitled "The Story of the Discovery of the New World by Columbus" (Whittaker).

Mr. Saunders tells the story of the discoverer's life in rather elementary fashion, relying largely upon extracts from the accepted authorities, and giving a brief prefatory chapter to the real or mythical predecessors of Columbus. The book has a number of illustrations.

THE "Outlines of Ancient Egyptian History" (Scribner), translated from the French of M. Auguste Mariette by Mrs. Brodrick, is an excellent synopsis of an important subject. The book was based upon lectures given by the author in the Egyptian schools at Cairo, and the translator has taken a few liberties in her reproduction of the work. She has also added a few notes for the purpose of bringing the work up to date. Dr. Winslow says of the book: "It affords not only a summary of the great epochs and a clear account of the successive dynasties, but a definite conception of the turning-points of Egypt's advancement or decline and a vivid idea of the value of her most important records by the chisel and pen."

MR. H. C. Merwin's chapters on "Road, Track, and Stable" (Houghton) are already familiar, for the most part, to readers of "The Atlantic Monthly," and the fact of their publication in that fastidious magazine guarantees a literary excellence almost unknown to books about horses. We should add that the matter of Mr. Merwin's discussion is as excellent as the manner. No one having charge of horses (or a horse, for that matter) should neglect to obtain and diligently peruse Mr. Merwin's instructive and fascinating work.

THE second supplement to "Poole's Index to Periodical Literature" (Houghton) covers the five-year period from 1887 to 1891, inclusive. Mr. W. I. Fletcher's name appears alone on the title-page, and we are informed in a preface that Dr. Poole has been so taken up with other labors that he has withdrawn, for the time being, from active work upon the "Index." This supplement indexes 1087 volumes, a few of them being old sets not before brought within the scope of the work. Sixty-three librarians have collaborated in the production of this volume, which contains nearly five hundred large double-columned pages. Upon its usefulness it would be superfluous to comment.

THE praiseworthy work of reprinting the good old novels goes merrily on. We have just received a very charming reprint of Trollope's "Can You Forgive Her?" (Dodd), in three volumes, each having a photogravure frontispiece. We hope that this may prove the precursor of a series of Trollope reprints. To the highly satisfactory "Dryburgh Waverly" (Macmillan) "The Heart of Midlothian," with illustrations by Mr. William Hole, has just been added. We also note the appearance of Mr. Black's "Shandon Bells" (Harper) in the popular reprint of that writer's novels.

THE Phillips Brooks memorial service, held in New York on the sixteenth of last February, was remarkable from the fact that representatives of all forms of faith, Christian and Hebrew, Catholic and Protestant, united in honoring the memory of the late Bishop of Massachusetts. The addresses made upon this occasion are now printed (Whittaker) in an attractive pamphlet, with portrait frontispiece. Among the speakers were Father Ducey, Rabbi Gottheil, Dr. Lyman Abbott, and Mr. Joseph H. Choate.

"IN Spirit and in Truth" (Ellis) is a collection of religious essays by seven "younger ministers of the Unitarian Church," editorially introduced to the public by the Rev. James De Normandie, of Boston. A preface tells us

that "the writers of this little book have aimed to speak out of their lives rather than out of their libraries." Among the essays are "The Philosophy of Religion," by the Rev. George C. Cressey; "The Bible as Literature and as Revelation," by the Rev. W. W. Fenn; and "The Use of a Liturgy in Worship," by the Rev. John Tunia.

Mr. A. Growoll's treatise on "The Profession of Bookselling" (Publisher's Weekly) ought to be found very useful by the class of merchants for whom it is written. It is based upon the not unreasonable notion that a bookseller should know something about the books that he sells—of their contents as well as their cost. The chapters on bibliography and supplementary reading are to be highly commended, although we notice that THE DIAL is described as a monthly and credited to its former publishers. A second part of this work is promised by the author.

#### LITERARY NOTES AND NEWS.

The new edition of Appleton's United States "General Guide" will contain an illustrated description of the Columbian Exposition.

The writings of Professor Max Müller number nearly eighty volumes, beginning with his German translation of the "Hitopadesa" in 1844, and ending with his newly published lectures on "Theosophy or Practical Religion," in which work the complete catalogue is given.

Rockford College offers five prizes of one hundred dollars each to the five students presenting themselves for entrance next September who can show the best records in their preparatory work. Further particulars may be had from the Principal, Rockford, Illinois.

The forty-second congress of German *Philologen und Schulmänner* will assemble next month at Vienna, from the 24th to the 27th inclusive. Foreign philologists have always been welcome at these congresses, and this time the philologists of non-German nationality residing in Austria-Hungary have been specially invited to attend.

It is instructive to learn that all the writings of the late Mr. Symonds—twenty-five volumes or more—were the work of twenty years' labor. His first book, an "Introduction to the Study of Dante," was published when the author was thirty-two years of age, and the breakdown of his health marked the beginning of his literary activity.

Mr. George Meredith has just been giving some sittings to Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A. He is now busily engaged upon a serial story entitled "Lord Ormont and His Aminta," which will be published in "The Pall Mall Magazine." Mr. Meredith has also undertaken to write a serial story which will bear the title "The Amazing Marriage," for "Scribner's."

The tenth and last volume of Mr. Spencer's "Synthetic Philosophy" will be issued soon. It is the second volume of "The Principles of Ethics," in which, along with Justice previously published there are included two new parts on Negative and Positive Beneficence. Mr. Spencer has not finished, however; for there still remains to be filled up the gap left in "The Principles of Sociology."

Still another promise of good things from Mr. J. M. Dent, the London publisher of tasteful reprints. We may now expect a new edition of Fielding's novels,

edited with introductions by Mr. George Saintsbury, and illustrated with photogravure reproductions from drawings by Mr. E. J. Wheeler, as well as with portraits and interesting topographical pictures. The set will occupy twelve volumes, and a complete book will be issued each month.

The following plan to protect the author from the dishonest publisher has been proposed by the Association of American Authors: "That the present copyright law be so amended as to provide that instead of the usual printed form—copyright 18 , by Richard Doe, etc.—it shall be the duty of the author of every book seeking copyright to provide a stamp bearing the above words with his autograph. That instead of the printed page the publisher shall affix one of said stamps to the book under pain of the usual penalties. In his contract the author to stipulate that the stamps should be used as a basis for making returns of books sold, or given away." This seems to be the most sensible variation of the "stamp plan" yet offered for consideration.

"The Author" prints the following account of the new home of the London Authors' Club: "The club has at last removed into its own premises. These contain a suite of eight or ten rooms at No. 3 Whitehall-court. There are reading and writing rooms, dining and luncheon rooms, a billiard room, and everything required for a first-class and most comfortable club. The subscription is very moderate—only four guineas a year. The situation is exactly central; it is impossible to desire a more convenient situation, and the club is intended to be run as cheaply as is consistent with reasonable comfort. Thus it is proposed to have a shilling luncheon, consisting of joint or chop with vegetables and cheese. A small reference library is forming, and in three quiet writing rooms members may do their work undisturbed. The position, besides being perfectly central, is extremely quiet. There will be a club dinner once a month, and a house dinner once a week. Ladies will be admitted to tea on Wednesday afternoons."

"The Saturday Review" thus closes its appreciative article on the late Mr. Symonds: "The activity of Mr. Symonds was almost exclusively employed in increasing knowledge and in widening sympathy. Others, perhaps, have loved literature more wisely—that is to say, more calmly, more discreetly—than he, but no one has loved it better. In a time when there are a thousand temptations to a clever man to divagate to something which is popular and telling but is not literature, Mr. Symonds remained the lover of poetry, and history, and romance. He beat his leaf so thin that it came to look like tinsel here and there, but that was an error of judgment—the metal itself was pure gold. If he could have concentrated his talents a little more, if he could have resisted a slightly hysterical habit of contemplating moral phenomena; if, in short, he had not been the physical invalid he always was, he might have performed even better things than he has left. But, as it is, his generous, glowing, picturesque volumes make no poor memorial to his pleasing and admirable talent."

The exhibit of the Century Company at the World's Fair, opened May 13, is of much interest. One of the largest cases is devoted to an exhibit of "how a dictionary is made." Beginning with a copy of the very earliest English dictionary, Bullokar's "English Expositor," printed in London in 1616, a half-dozen of the important dictionaries of the past are shown, up to Bailey's, Johnson's, and the Imperial, the latter of which

was the basis of the Century Dictionary. The exhibit includes a copy of the edition of Bailey's which was the first to include cuts, or "engraved schemes," as they are called on the title-page. There are also included in the exhibit a great number of interesting original manuscripts and drawings for important illustrations in "The Century" and "St. Nicholas." Manuscript poems by Tennyson, Longfellow, Whittier, and Bryant appear in the "St. Nicholas" exhibit, with the manuscript of the first chapter of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," by Mrs. Burnett, and original stories by other well-known writers. The originals of famous letters and documents quoted in Messrs. Nicolay and Hay's "Life of Lincoln" are shown. The Century Company also show how an illustration is prepared for the magazine, from the artist's drawing to the printed page, by wood-engraving, and by various photo-engraving processes, and how the "Century Dictionary" was made.

The following extract from Mr. Symonds's posthumous study of Walt Whitman has both critical and autobiographical interest:

"After all, the great thing is, if possible, to induce people to study Whitman for themselves. I am convinced that, especially for young men, his spirit, if intelligently understood and sympathized with, must be productive of incalculable good. This I venture to emphasize by relating what he did for me. I had received the ordinary English gentleman's education at Harrow and Oxford. Being physically below the average in health and strength, my development proceeded more upon the intellectual than the athletic side. In a word, I was decidedly academical, and in danger of becoming a prig. What was more, my constitution in 1865 seemed to have broken down, and no career in life lay open to me. In the autumn of that year my friend, Frederic Myers, read me aloud a poem from 'Leaves of Grass.' . . . My academical prejudices, the literary instincts trained by two decades of Greek and Latin studies, the refinements of culture, and the exclusiveness of aristocratic breeding, revolted against the uncouthness, roughness, irregularity, coarseness, of the poet and his style. But, in course of a short time, Whitman delivered my soul of these debilities. As I have elsewhere said in print, he taught me to comprehend the harmony between the democratic spirit, science, and that larger religion to which the modern world is being led by the conception of human brotherhood, and by the spirituality inherent in any really scientific view of the universe. He gave body, concrete vitality, to the religious creed which I had been already forming for myself upon the study of Goethe, Greek and Roman Stoics, Giordano Bruno, and the founders of the evolutionary doctrine. He inspired me with faith, and made me feel that optimism was not unreasonable. This gave me great cheer in those evil years of enforced idleness and intellectual torpor which my health imposed upon me. Moreover, he helped to free me from many conceits and pettinesses to which academical culture is liable. He opened my eyes to the beauty, goodness, and greatness which may be found in all worthy human beings, the humblest and the highest. He made me respect personality more than attainments or position in the world. Through him, I stripped my soul of social prejudices. Through him, I have been able to fraternize in comradeship with men of all classes and several races, irrespective of their caste, creed, occupation, and special training. To him I owe some of the best friends I now can claim—sons of the soil, hard-workers, 'natural and non-chalant,' 'powerful uneducated' persons."

The testimony here given to Whitman's power is strikingly like that of Mr. R. L. Stevenson, who tells us that his early reading of Whitman "tumbled the world upside down for me, blew into space a thousand cobwebs of genteel and ethical illusion, and, having thus shaken my tabernacle of lies, set me back again upon a strong foundation of all the original and manly virtues."

#### TOPICS IN LEADING PERIODICALS.

May, 1893 (Second List).

- Am. Commonwealth, The. A. C. McLaughlin. *Dial* (May 16).  
 Ann Arbor Strike, The. F. P. Sargent. *North American*.  
 Aristophanes according to Browning. Helen Reed. *Poet-Lore*.  
 Beauty in Keats and Browning. Alice Groff. *Poet-Lore*.  
 Behring Sea Question. B. F. Tracy. *North American*.  
 Birds, Individuality in. Frank Bolles. *Atlantic*.  
 Browning's Mastery of Rhyme. W. J. Rolfe. *Poet-Lore*.  
 Browning the Man. W. G. Kingsland. *Poet-Lore*.  
 Canada at the World's Fair. *North American*.  
 Cavalry Regiment, Story of a. W. E. Furness. *Dial* (May 16).  
 Chicago Sixty Years Ago. John D. Caton. *Atlantic*.  
 Christianity, Evolution of. Orello Cone. *Arena*.  
 Columbian Exposition. Henry Van Brunt. *Atlantic*.  
 Demand and Supply. J. R. Commons, Geo. Gunton. *Soc. Econ*.  
 Drink Traffic, The. W. S. Rainsford. *No. American*.  
 Dutch Industrial Schools. Myra A. Dooley. *Arena*.  
 Economic Thought. A. B. Woodford. *Dial* (May 16).  
 Eight Hours in England. John Rae. *Social Economist*.  
 English Question, The. James J. Greenough. *Atlantic*.  
 Etching, British. Illus. Frederick Wedmore. *Mag. of Art*.  
 European Peasants as Immigrants. N. S. Shaler. *Atlantic*.  
 Exhibition, Opening of the Great. *Dial* (May 16).  
 Hasemann, Home of. Illus. Mary E. Bowles. *Mag. of Art*.  
 Hawaiian Situation, The. T. H. Davies. *No. American*.  
 Hawthorne at North Adams. Bliss Perry. *Atlantic*.  
 Kantian Bibliography. Erich Adickes. *Philos. Review*.  
 Kemble, Frances Anne. Henry Lee. *Atlantic*.  
 Khuenaten, The Art of. Illus. F. Petrie. *Mag. of Art*.  
 Learning in a Democracy. F. I. Carpenter. *Dial* (May 16).  
 Mascagni, Pietro. Illus. A. R. Willard. *New Eng. Mag.*  
 Mental Measurement. J. McK. Cattell. *Philos. Review*.  
 Milton as an Educator. Phillips Brook. *New Eng. Mag.*  
 Minneapolis Public Schools. J. M. Rice. *Forum*.  
 Naval Academy, The. W. G. Richardson. *New Eng. Mag.*  
 Neo-Cantism, Epistemology of. Andrew Seth. *Philos. Review*.  
 New England Art at the World's Fair. Illus. *New Eng. Mag.*  
 Pension System, Our Private. T. F. Dennis. *Forum*.  
 Persia at the World's Fair. *North American*.  
 Pope in Washington, The. J. H. Vincent. *Forum*.  
 Railway Party in Politics. H. P. Robinson. *No. American*.  
 Railway Tariffs. James L. Cowles. *Arena*.  
 Rome and America. James F. Loughlin. *Forum*.  
 Russian Extradition Treaty, The. George Kennan. *Forum*.  
 Sanitation in Cities. John S. Billings. *Forum*.  
 Saumarez, Admiral. A. T. Mahan. *Atlantic*.  
 Sculpture, Am. School of. Wm. O. Partridge. *Arena*.  
 Seattle. Illus. J. W. Pratt. *New England Magazine*.  
 Selous, Frederick. Illus. Wm. Stead. *Rev. of Reviews*.  
 Smile, The Japanese. Lafcadio Hearn. *Atlantic*.  
 Socialism in the Western States. F. B. Tracy. *Forum*.  
 Strikes and Boycotts. George Gunton. *Social Economist*.  
 Suicides and Modern Civilization. F. L. Hoffman. *Arena*.  
 Theology, Decadence of. John Burroughs. *No. American*.  
 Theosophy, Practical. Kate B. Davis. *Arena*.  
 Wagnerism, Triumphant. W. M. Payne. *Dial* (May 16).  
 Women at the World's Fair Congresses. Illus. *Rev. of Rev.*  
 Women at the World's Fair. Illus. *Rev. of Reviews*.  
 Women Wage-Earners. Helen Campbell. *Arena*.

#### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[The following list, embracing 80 titles, includes all books received by THE DIAL since last issue.]

#### BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

- Joan of Arc. By Lord Ronald Gower, F.S.A. With seven etchings and three photo-etchings. 8vo, gilt top, pp. 335. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$7.50.  
 The Life and Work of John Ruskin. By W. G. Collingwood, M.A., editor of "The Poems of John Ruskin." In two vols., illus., 8vo, gilt tops. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$5.00.



**Wagner and His Works: The Story of His Life, with Critical Comments.** By Henry T. Finck. In 2 vols., with portraits, 8vo, pp. 460, gilt top. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$4.00.

**Memoirs and Letters of Charles Sumner.** By Edward L. Pierce. Vols. III. and IV., 1845-74. Illus., 8vo. Roberts Bros. \$6.00.

**The Life and Letters of Madame De Krudener.** By Clarence Ford. Illus., 8vo, uncut, pp. 322. Macmillan & Co. \$4.50.

**Abraham Lincoln.** By John T. Morse, Jr. In 2 vols., with portrait, 16mo, gilt top. "American Statesmen." Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$2.50.

**Memoirs of Baron de Marbot, Late Lieut.-General in the French Army.** Trans. by Arthur John Butler. Fourth edition, with Portrait, 12mo, pp. 606. Longmans, Green & Co. \$2.50.

**Ernest Renan: In Memoriam.** By the Right Hon. Sir Mountstuart E. Grant Duff, G.C.S.I. 12mo, uncut, pp. 320. Macmillan & Co. \$1.75.

**Napoleon: Warrior and Ruler, and the Military Supremacy of Revolutionary France.** By William O'Connor Morris. Illus., 12mo, pp. 433. Putnam's "Heroes of the Nations." \$1.50.

**Greeley on Lincoln, with Mr. Greeley's Letters to Chas. A. Dana and a Lady Friend.** Edited by Joel Benton. With portrait, 16mo, pp. 271. Baker & Taylor Co. \$1.25.

**The Poet and the Man: Recollections and Appreciations of James Russell Lowell.** By Francis H. Underwood, LL.D., author of "Quabbin." With portrait, 16mo, pp. 138. Lee & Shepard. \$1.00.

**Peter Stuyvesant, Director-General for the West India Company in New Netherland.** By Bayard Tuckerman, author of "General Lafayette." Illus., 16mo, pp. 193. Dodd's "Makers of America." \$1.00.

#### HISTORY.

**The Church in the Roman Empire, before A. D. 170.** By W. M. Ramsay, M.A., author of "The Historical Geography of Asia Minor." Illus., 8vo, pp. 494. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.00.

**The Story of Poland.** By W. R. Morfill, M.A., author of "The Story of Russia." Illus., 12mo, pp. 389. Putnam's "Story of the Nations." \$1.50.

**A Pathfinder in American History.** By W. F. Gordy and W. I. Twitchell. 12mo, pp. 261. Lee & Shepard. \$1.20.

#### LITERARY STUDIES.

**An Introduction to the Study of Dante.** By John Addington Symonds. With portrait, 12mo, uncut, pp. 288. Macmillan & Co. \$2.50.

**Book-Plates.** By W. J. Handy, F.S.A. Illus., 12mo, uncut, pp. 175. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$2.50.

**The Great Book-Collectors.** By Charles I. Elton and Mary A. Elton. Illus., 12mo, uncut, pp. 228. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$2.50.

**Historic Personality.** By Francis Seymour Stevenson, M. F. 12mo, pp. 140. Macmillan & Co. \$1.25.

**Spanish Literature: An Elementary Handbook, with Indices, etc.** By H. Butler Clarke, M.A. 12mo, pp. 288. Macmillan & Co. \$1.60.

**Goethe as a Representative of the Modern Art Spirit.** By William M. Bryant. 12mo, pp. 31. St. Louis: Riverside Publishing Co.

**The Legend of the Holy Grail.** By George McLean Harper. 8vo, pp. 66. Baltimore: The Modern Language Association.

#### POETRY.

**Horatian Echoes: Translations of the Odes of Horace.** By John Osborne Sargent. With Introduction by O. W. Holmes. 12mo, gilt top, pp. 240. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.50.

**Greek Poets in English Verse, by Various Translators.** Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by William Hyde Appleton. 12mo, gilt top, pp. 300. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.50.

**El Nuevo Mundo: A Poem.** By Louis James Block, author of "Dramatic Sketches and Poems." 12mo, gilt top, pp. 95. Chas. H. Kerr & Co. \$1.00.

**Napoleon: A Drama.** By Richmond Sheffield Dement. Reading edition, with appendix. With portrait, 16mo, pp. 183. Chicago: Knight, Leonard & Co. \$1.25.

**Dream of the Ages: A Poem of Columbia.** By Kate Brownlee Sherwood, author of "Campfire and Memorial Day." Illus., 8vo, pp. 85. Washington: The National Tribune. \$2.50.

**Fleeting Thoughts.** By Caroline Edwards Prentiss. 16mo, gilt edges, pp. 128. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.00.

**Seaward: An Elegy on the Death of Thomas William Parsons.** By Richard Hovey. With portrait, 8vo. D. Lothrop Co. In a box, \$1.50.

**The Plutocrat: A Drama in Five Acts.** By Otto Frederick Schupphaus. 16mo, pp. 103. A. Lovell & Co. \$1.00.

**The Sod House in Heaven, and Other Poems.** By Harry E. Mills. 16mo, pp. 109. Topeka, Kas.: Geo. W. Crane & Co. \$1.00.

**Christ: A Dramatic Poem in Three Acts.** By C. Sadakichi Hartmann. 16mo, pp. 81. Boston: Published for the Author. 50 cts.

#### FICTION.

**Sally Dow, and Other Stories.** By Bret Harte, author of "Sally." 16mo, pp. 299. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.

**Social Strugglers: A Novel.** By Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen. 12mo, pp. 300. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.

**Donald Marcy.** By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, author of "Gates Ajar." 16mo, pp. 242. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.

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